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commonweal

THE COURT AND BIRTH CONTROL

A decision for privacy

William B. Ball

CHAOS IN SCIENCE

Amitai Etzioni

RETURN TO AUSCHWITZ

Adolph Schalk

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CORRESPONDENCE

Brecht

New York City

To the Editors: I wonder if Mr. Wilfrid Sheed in his review of "The Exception and the Rule" [The Stage," June 18] hasn't made Brecht seem more simpleminded than he really was, even in his early days. The servant in that play, who offers his employer a flask of water at a crucial moment in the desert (and is shot for his pains), does so not out of generosity but as insurance against being punished later; he says so explicitly. This twist may leave the play in an ideological nowhere, but does keep it from being a flat-out message about the saintliness of servants versus the viciousness of masters.

EDWIN KENNEBECK

Reply

Mr. Kennebeck is correct. Unfortunately, I was obliged to leave the theater for a few crucial minutes and had to rely on a synopsis of the scene in question. I agree that Mr. Kennebeck's point makes the play seem a little less simpleminded. But only a little. A servant terrorized by the system remains ideologically O.K. and, in this rather too simple form, psychologically trite.

WILFRID SHEED

The Fourth Gospel

Okayama, Japan

To the Editors: In his article of April 30 ["The Pope and the Jews"], Michael D. Zeik asked for a new translation of the fourth gospel such as could not give rise in anyone's mind to any encouragement to anti-Semitism by its way of speaking of "the Jews." I too have heard careless and misleading quotations from this gospel, and should like to know what competent scripture scholars would think of the following approach to a retranslation.

The fourth gospel, unlike the other three, describes the groups of people who confronted Jesus—for, against, or undecided—generally as "the Jews" or rather as "the Judeans" (*Ioudaioi, Judaei*). Only occasionally, especially in Chapter 6 which is set in Galilee, does John call them "the crowd," "the people," or "the men."

Unlike the other three gospels, most of John's gospel is set in Judea, and surely his use of the word "*Judaei*" has a relation to this fact. It usually does not mean "Jew" in contrast to "Gentile," nor yet in contrast to "Christian," but "Judean" in contrast to "Galilean."

The Revised Standard Version notices this in one place where it is particularly obvious (7:1) and adds a footnote: "Or *Judeans*." But why not also in 11:8 and many other places? Of course, the word is still being used in "an editorial, collective sense," but not as an American might speak of "the Chinese" or "the Russians," but as a Northerner might speak of "the South." (In analogy to 7:11-13 we could write: "Some Southerners wanted to join in the march, but hesitated for fear of the Southerners." But the second "Southerners" or "the Jews" in 7:13 had better be translated "public opinion in the area.")

The north-south tension went back a long way in Israel's history, and we can guess from the New Testament that it still existed at that time. What the southerners thought of the Galileans we can imagine from Luke 13:1-2, 22:59; John 7:41 and 52, and Acts 5:37. Galilee seems to have been looked to as a source of trouble-makers, not of genuine religious leaders. On the other hand, John helps us to know how Galileans felt among Judeans, especially after some trouble in which Galileans had been involved. When he writes, "the doors being shut for fear of the Judeans" (20:19) we recall Peter's experience of being marked by his Galilean accent, and can imagine comparable situations in various countries today.

It is only when there are some non-Jews in the picture that "*Judaeus*" in the fourth gospel must be translated as "Jew": in Chapter 4 where Jesus is with the Samaritans, and in the later two chapters with Pilate and the Roman soldiers. The soldiers' mockery in 19:2-3 seems a kind of anti-Semitism, foreshadowing the conduct of many of their Christian and post-Christian descendants. In those passages where "*Judaeus*" means "Jew" (in contrast with Gentile), the chief Jew in the picture is always Jesus Himself.

A problem for my theory is John 6:41 and 52, where the "Judeans" seem to be Galileans. Perhaps John used the word from habit; perhaps the text reflects disputes between Jews and Christians at the time the gospel was written; or perhaps the author means that there were some Judeans there, as in Luke 5:17.

At least, depending on the context, the word "*Judaeus*" in the fourth gospel takes on different meanings. An analogy is the word "Yankee" which, outside the United States, means simply "American," but inside would seem to have a more limited meaning. If "Yankeeism" were also a world religion, the analogy would be complete —and would lead into the problem of the Book of Acts.

In the fourth gospel, if we always translate "*Judaei*" as "Jews" we not only risk making the gospel sound anti-Semitic; we also obliterate a point which seems to have been important to the fourth evangelist, the relation between Galilee and Judea in Jesus' ministry. (Cf. for example 4:43-45.)

MARY MC CRIMMON

Cyprus

Monkton, Md.

To the Editors: I have read Thomas E. Bird's "Fate of a Patriarch" [June 11] with a good deal of sympathy, and am sorry it had to be flawed by the references to Cyprus and Makarios. There are no doubt advantages, from an outsider's point of view, in a patriarchal residence on Mt. Athos, although I am not sure it will help the Patriarch right now to have his well-wishers say so publicly. The Turks would like nothing better than to see his departure made

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easy by his friends.

But I really must protest the careless references to the Cyprus situation. I speak as one who has been there and knows the Archbishop.

First, Makarios abrogated the treaties of 1960 only after the Turkish minority had taken up arms against the government in December, 1963, and this uprising took place three weeks after the Archbishop had proposed (only proposed) to the signatory powers the urgent desirability of revising a constitution which placed absolute veto power in the hands of an eighteen percent minority.

Second, the Turks, whether in Turkey or Cyprus, have made no "reasonable efforts" since that time. In fact, they have continued to reject out of hand all suggestions for constitutional reform or temporary amelioration made either by the Archbishop or by the U.N. mediator, Galo Plaza.

Third, although it is true, as Mr. Bird says, that the Archbishop is "fiercely independent and strong-willed" (for that democrats can thank him), he is above all passionately committed to the principle of self-determination by majority rule with full protection for the civil and religious rights of minorities.

Fourth, more than wishing for union (*enosis*) with Greece, he wishes for, as he never tires of saying, the right of Cyprus as a whole to determine its future, *enosis* or no *enosis*, with no strings attached by Turkey or Greece. For this reason he continues to resist suggestions from the United States, or Greece, or Turkey that there be a permanent Turkish military presence on the island.

And finally, if and when Cyprus is joined politically to Greece, Makarios' ecclesiastical position will remain the same, ranking, as Mr. Bird says, right after the five major patriarchs. Mr. Bird should recall that when Crete and Rhodes were added to Greece, their bishops did not become "suffragans of Athens" but remained under the jurisdiction of the Patriarch of Constantinople.

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"WHY" AND "WHAT"

One current problem is that the Church is not responsive enough to public opinion. Another problem is that it is sometimes disastrously responsive to irresponsible opinion. This latter lesson has come home with some force in recent weeks to Father Philip Berrigan, S.S.J., and now to Father Maurice Ouellet, S.S.E., the Edmundite pastor who has just been expelled from the Diocese of Mobile-Birmingham. In Father Berrigan's case, the issue was Vietnam, but the moving force was the pressure of right-wing elements in and around Newburgh, N.Y., where the priest taught at Epiphany Apostolic College. The sudden transfer of Father Berrigan cannot be explained without reference to the right-wing campaign to drive him from Newburgh. Priests who are carrying a heavy teaching load at a seminary are not normally shifted on short notice a month or so before the end of the school year. No internal, ecclesiastical reasons for the transfer have even been suggested. Father Berrigan was a superior teacher, and had obeyed the orders of his superiors.

Father Ouellet, the rallying point for what integrationist sentiment exists among Alabama Catholics, has now paid a similar price for his beliefs. Unlike the Josephites, who must share the blame with the right-wing elements for the exile of Father Berrigan, the Edmundites have come through the Ouellet case with considerable credit. On the evidence, they supported their priest to the fullest. It was not their fault that the priest was transferred. They are not an exempt order, and under the current canon law, could not resist an expulsion order from the Archbishop, no matter how unjust. Ironically, Father Ouellet did not demonstrate during the March campaign in Selma, though he appears to have been sacrificed to the community emotions which were raised to a fever peak by the drive.

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Priests in the diocese had been ordered not to take part, and Father Ouellet did not disobey. At any rate, he was recovering from major surgery at the time. The case is a tragic one for the Church, and painful evidence of the quality of its current leadership in Alabama.

Both the Berrigan and Ouellet cases represent concessions to aroused public opinion by superiors anxious to remain on good terms with the local community, however wrong-headed. They also represent a contempt for public opinion in the Church. In neither case was any explanation offered for action that was bound to be interpreted as punitive. In Alabama, the contempt was particularly pointed—Archbishop Toolen said he did not have to give a reason, he just wanted the priest out.

The Archbishop is wrong. Under the circumstances, the Church at large is entitled to know why punitive action is being taken against a priest who has broken no rules and resisted no orders. Not every transfer needs to be explained to the Catholic community, but this one does. We need an explanation of how a bishop can possibly think the expulsion Father Ouellet is just and necessary.

It is worth making an issue of because the last few years have shown that the glare of publicity on the life of a Church is an element important to its good health. The life of the Church is becoming increasingly public, and will continue to do so. Given the forces at work in the Church, and the theology that sustains them, there is simply no time left for harsh and arbitrary orders. Catholics more and more want to know the "why" along with the "what." In the Ouellet case, it does not appear that the answer to a "why" could survive an elementary analysis.

OUR MAN IN SAIGON

When the Diem regime fell almost two years ago, the situation in Saigon seemed to have deteriorated to the point where it could only improve—or so we thought then. We didn't count on the latest Terry-and-the-Pirates episode in which another combination of generals, headed by Air Vice Marshal Nguyen Cao Ky, has imposed itself on South Vietnam.

The emergence of Ky, an eclectic figure who is a kind of male Madame Nhu, can only be viewed as a further degradation for the Vietnamese people, particularly coming after the fall of Dr. Phan Huy Quat, who apparently was too cautious for everybody's taste. The new regime on coming to power announced its intention to execute all suspected terrorists and profiteers, publicly and without trial. Ky himself warned that "We are ready to sacrifice 10,000 to save 14 million free Vietnamese," and last week Americans received first proof of the young Premier's readiness in a widely publicized wirephoto showing the execution of a Viet Cong terrorist in a public square. The Viet Cong replied two days later with the execution of a United States army sergeant captured in a regular military engagement.

This is escalation of a different kind, and American officials are understandably loath to talk about it. Yet without a government in Saigon at least to some degree representative of the Vietnamese people and responsive to its needs, U.S. hopes of finding a political solution to Vietnam's troubles are virtually doomed. And with those hopes go possibly the last remaining restraints in achieving a military solution.

It hardly needs mentioning that a government whose premier can speak so readily of sacrificing 10,000 people is not politically responsible to anybody, except possibly to the U.S. It is that last possibility we would like to see explored, for if the Ky regime is not politically responsible, the U.S. government is, to its own citizens and to its commitments elsewhere in the world. There are sound reasons for maintaining the fiction of a sovereign South Vietnamese government, but we delude ourselves if we think we thus escape responsibility for the action of a Ky. The world will judge if we do not.

In keeping with the usual practice, COMMONWEAL *will again appear on alternate weeks from the middle of July to the middle of September. Forthcoming issues will be dated July 23, August 6, August 20, September 3, and September 17. From then on, we will resume our normal weekly printing schedule.*

BIRTH CONTROL HEARINGS

An accurate discernment of public opinion on controversial questions is never an easy matter. This has long been the case where matters of birth control are concerned. A decade ago, it was widely believed that any effort on the part of the federal government to take an active part in birth control programs, whether national or international, would have resulted in a bitter and divisive national debate. For that reason,

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President Eisenhower assiduously refused to consider the possibility, arguing that such was not the business of the government.

Just exactly where public opinion today stands is not clear. But it becomes increasingly obvious that opposition has waned. The shift of General Eisenhower himself is perhaps symbolic. As he observed in his recent letter to Senator Ernest Gruening: "After watching and studying results of some of the aid programs of the early fifties, I became convinced that without parallel programs looking to population stabilization all that we could do, at the very best, would be to maintain rather than improve standards in those who need our help."

There are few today who would argue with this statement; less and less is heard about ingenious agricultural or migratory solutions. "While it is true," General Eisenhower argued in his letter, "that there remain areas of the world in which there are still unexplored resources for food production . . . it is still quite clear that in spite of great technical progress in production of the necessaries of life, we are scarcely keeping up, in overall production and distribution, with the requirements of burgeoning and underfed populations." There are not many who would care to deny this assertion, at least among those demographical and agricultural experts who have been forced to grapple with the statistics.

That leaves, then, the purported opposition of minority religious groups to the active intervention of the government into the field of birth control assistance. But how strong is this opposition today? The American bishops have, to be sure, never publicly repudiated their opposition to federal assistance. But on the other hand they have not pressed this opposition for some time. As for the opinion of Catholics generally, there is little to indicate a genuine consensus, either for or against government assistance. Our guess, however, is that Catholic opposition would at this point be quite minimal.

In any case, the Congressional hearings now being conducted by Senator Gruening should do much to clear the air. One of the main purposes of the hearing, reportedly, is to bring the issue out in the open where it can be debated, both inside the government and outside. Such a debate is badly needed. If it clearly shows, as seems likely, that there is little public opposition to government assistance, the gain will be considerable. The nation will then be in a position to consider which means of assistance would be most effective.

Philadelphia, where COMMONWEAL *is printed, bound and mailed, was recently hit by a wildcat Teamsters' strike which tied up all truck transport, including that from our printing plant to the post office. Mailing of our July 2 issue was delayed seriously, and that of our July 9 issue was affected to a lesser extent. We regret this inconvenience to our readers.*

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ART AND VIETNAM

THE WHITE HOUSE FESTIVAL

If institutions, like some warm-blooded animals, can learn from experience, the First White House Festival of the Arts, which unfolded in mournful numbers on June 14, is likely to be the last. In nearly all respects, the event (or concoction, or pseudo-event) was a catastrophe from which the nation's image—the cant term seems proper—will be a long time recovering. As a display of our cultural wares, or booty, it was simply vulgar when it was not funny—which is not to say there was nothing good in the bursting supermarket assembled for the splashy spectacular; and as a political occasion, it was a grievous and ghastly embarrassment.

And let no man say the day was not political. Whether or not its conception was triggered by the disaffection of the intellectuals and its dramatization by the recent Washington teach-in—meant as a kind of conciliatory gesture, as some people speculated—is not the point. All events which take place in the White House, even international convocations of landscape gardeners, are political. But leaving aside all ponderous theoretical questions of the relations of art and power, culture and politics, an event which appeared otherwise destined for the oblivion of the society pages was transfigured suddenly and shockingly and given solemn meaning when, a week or so earlier, Robert Lowell, our first poet, reconsidered his impetuous initial acceptance of the invitation to participate and informed the President in his now-famous open letter that he could not in conscience attend, that merely by being there his presence might seem to signify some "subtle"

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endorsement of a foreign policy which he deplored. To an extraordinary degree, Lowell's grave and potent act colored all the proceedings, both high-serious and low-comic, background and foreground.

The accelerating events in the background threatened to reduce the event itself to anti-climax. Immediately following publication of the Lowell letter, a group of the best novelists and poets and artists in the country, none of whom had been asked to the White House, issued a statement in support of Lowell. Of the other invited writers, John Hersey and Saul Bellow, while stating, each in his way, their misgivings concerning Vietnam and Santo Domingo, announced they would accept. Later that week, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., in an address to a booksellers' convention in Washington, went out of his way to lecture Lowell on manners and moral responsibilty. Philip Roth, in a letter to the *Times*, suggested that there was something incongruous about an arts-festival sponsored by an administration "so insensitive to human values" (in its foreign policy); and, concluding his rebuke to Schlesinger, left to each man "his own sense of the ridiculous." The full story of the wrath of writers during that charged week must await telling another time.

Van Doren's Statement

On Sunday, June 13, at a White House "rehearsal" for the gala event, Mark Van Doren, who was to chair the readings, read a statement in which he explicitly identified himself with Lowell's position. Then, for unexplained reasons which one may speculate upon, as many did, Mr. Van Doren chose the next day to curtail the length and modify the tone of his statement, saying only that Lowell must be respected for acting as his conscience dictated, and leaving all the rest at the level of implication.

Hersey, however, was not content with implication. Before reading two of the more chilling passages from his *Hiroshima*, he spoke meaningly and in measured tones of a reliance on military power, of national arrogance, of fateful miscalculations which could lead step by inexorable step to what he was about to describe. Bellow made no statement. He read a carefully selected letter from *Herzog* and let it go at that. Phyllis McGinley added a new verse to an old poem in which she asked that we all be tolerant of poets even when they are "troublesome." The word rhymed with "bubblesome." In the absence of Lowell, Miss McGinley, who made the cover of *Time* that very day, represented American poetry on that day-long tribute to the national genius. So tense was the atmosphere in the White House theater, where the readings took place, that when Catherine Drinker Bowen read some pleasant little anecdotes from her pleasantly anecdotal little book on Mr. Justice Holmes, the audience laughed excessively, and with vast relief.

The tone of the day had been fatally set. After a brief respite, the guests in their hundreds were whisked away in military buses to the National Gallery of Art for an excellent lunch and an unfortunate address by George Kennan, who came all the way from Vienna to tell his listeners that some artists were oddballs with eccentric ways, and that the artist had a duty—if he expected society to pay heed; and, indeed, to *pay*—to "communicate" and all that. It all had a terribly familiar ring. Artists know only too well that the reasonable-sounding word has contained, historically, a veiled threat; and in the command to "communicate" there lurks the death of all that is adventurous in the artistic enterprise. Moreover, Mr. Kennan, after putting Goethe to odd uses, called upon artists to "shield the public from artistic frivolity and charlatanism" and "protect art from debasement at the hands of the indecencies: not just the indecencies in the sense of pornography (though these, too), but indecencies of exhibitionism, of sensation-hunting, of cheap trickery of all sorts." If artists already had grave doubts about the role of government in the arts, they will find scant reason for comfort in Kennan's remarks.

Full—if not rich—is the word for the afternoon's cultural bazaar. Timed to the minute, the arts were unfurled in all their gorgeous panoply. Here one minute, gone the next; and nothing new, nothing surprising, nothing fresh—entertainment, really, for the weary post-prandial travellers. The Louisville Orchestra played some rather lively pieces by Ned Rorem, and a concertina by its conductor, Robert Whitney, that was correct, polite, soporific. The lovely Roberta Peters sang a song by Bernstein, another by Gershwin (as a matter of fact, "Summertime"); and some brief scenes were enacted from two current Broadway productions— "The Subject Was Roses" and "The Glass Menagerie." Mildred Dunnock played some affecting moments from "Death of a Salesman"; and some snippets were shown, each prefaced by some tiresome remarks narrated by Charlton Heston, though he was not responsible for the script, from Hitchcock's "North by Northwest," Kazan's "On the Waterfront," Stevens' "Shane," Wyler's "Friendly Persuasion," and Zinnemann's "High Noon." The effect on the whole was rather like listening to familiar tunes from old favorites—the whistleable parts. By far the most powerful moment of the afternoon was provided by Moses Gunn, the fine young Negro actor,

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in a brutal and funny scene from Millard Lampell's "Hard Travelin'" which had some hard things to say about being black and staying alive and human.

Painting and Sculpture

The exhibition of painting and sculpture was, for the most part, splendid, if expected—revealing the entrenched modes of abstraction at their best. But so inadequately were the paintings hung in their narrow, cramping corridor, and so incongruously were some of the sculptures situated in the tame, trimmed gardens and lawns, as to neutralize, and diminish, much of their force. Similarly, the photographs were in nearly all instances the predictable classics of the form; and, again, they overpowered their allotted space.

It may be making too much of a ferocity of stride and sternness of manner to say that President Johnson seemed not altogether happy to be there even for a few moments. (The gracious, gallant, enduring First Lady was continuously present.) Yet, whatever his feelings, the President, in his brief talk, uttered the profoundest truth of the long, hard day. Enumerating what the government might "do" for the arts and its practitioners, he began by saying that, in the first place, it should leave artists alone. In the circumstances, that seemed an excellent idea.

Robert Joffrey's dancers were young, charming, agile, even if they were not enterprising. At that point, nothing could have stirred the noisy, restless, unheeding audience. Everyone was looking toward the refreshments bar, and the nearest exit. Finally, the great Duke Ellington came on to try to beat some life into the dead horse; but it was too late. And too little. He put down a sound that had been superseded by at least eight turnings in the history of American jazz—a big, brassy sound that must have seemed archaic even to that audience. It was as far removed from the "new thing" as Frank Gilroy is from Genet and Beckett.

The rich, full day ended on a curious rustic note. Out on the far lawn, close by the refreshments, Dwight MacDonald gave a stunning demonstration of human resiliency. Having begun by lending his name to the statement in support of Lowell, he had gone on to say, in a letter to *Time* magazine, that he felt he could best serve his President and his country by accepting the White House's belated invitation—though he did not and would not, of course, disavow Lowell, and even though Lowell had said in his letter that in declining the invitation he felt he was best serving both President and country.

Accept MacDonald did. And having drunk his host's wine and eaten his host's food, he forthwith circulated a statement right there and then knocking his host's foreign policy. One suspects that the President may have felt ill-served, and the country astonished at that bizarre spectacle of moral legerdemain. But it was getting on to midnight then; and, as the last, lingering guests slowly and unsteadily departed, the chill, sweet, surprised night settled on the trouble scene, concealing for the time being only some of the shallower wounds. The night knew that you can't trust writers and artists. They are ungrateful; some, at their best, are dangerous; and some may even bite the hand that feeds them.

Only Robert Lowell spoke his heart and stayed home —and by his superb symbolic act reminded us of the few remaining possibilities of high style and austere dignity, and of the urgencies of the spirit. SAUL MALOFF

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HISTORICAL ROOTS

THE CHURCH IN MISSISSIPPI

If we didn't know it before, Selma made it painfully obvious that the Church in Mississippi is not on the front lines in the battle for racial integration. Yet with this said, the Church's defensive attitude on racial matters is not surprising in light of its history in the state and its extreme minority status.

Catholics, according to *The Mississippi Register*, the diocesan newspaper, comprise only 3.2 percent of the population. Over 50 percent of these live on the small strip of Gulf Coast between Louisiana and Alabama. Fifteen Mississippi counties have no Catholics, and for years after the Civil War there were times when the entire state was served by only two or three priests, and these on loan from Europe or an eastern diocese. Even today over 70 percent of the priests come from Ireland.

Except for the strip on the Gulf Coast, which retains much of its French-Spanish heritage, the state was settled by Protestant Scotch-English stock come west from Tennessee, Kentucky, and Virginia, and of course by the descendants of Negro slaves.

To the young Irish priests and sisters, the country

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has been full of mystery, both frustrating and often frightening. With their conservative Irish backgrounds, respect for authority in family and Church affairs, many fitted right in with the Southern political-social way of thinking. Without actually approving its racial policies, they adjusted to the Southern status quo and cooperated with local power stuctures to the extent of avoiding direct clashes. But as foreigners, with accents or brogues, they were never fully accepted by the native Mississippian who believes that no one from outside the South, much less from a foreign land, can hope to understand the Southern tradition. That many Southerners do not either is immaterial. As for those clergymen who occasionally did take some kind of stand against the prevailing racism, however qualified, few were not subjected to threats of one kind or another.

Economic coercion was frequently sufficient, for a good number of Catholic parishes are far from affluent and some are only a step away from mission status. Those with mortgages on new schools, convents, etc., are particularly vulnerable to this kind of threat, as are the Negro parishes, few of which are self-supporting.

Curiously enough, the Gulf Coast where most of the Catholic population is concentrated is also the most prosperous region of Mississippi, noted for gambling, vice and liquor (the state is dry), and for plush hotels and motels where Mississippians come to holiday and be entertained. Hancock, Harrison and Jackson Counties, which make up the strip, are respectively 45.3 percent Catholic, 15.3 percent and 9.8 percent; they reflect much of the color of New Orleans and Mobile. This was one of the few areas that already had total voter registration in 1964, making the COFO group assigned to it ineffective.

The Picture Is Changing

Today, and only within the past twelve months, the picture in the state is rapidly changing. So fast are people moving toward equal opportunity, that even Civil Rights workers in the state have difficulty keeping track of their own movement. Public schools began integrating one grade a year in 1964. The Catholic schools are following the public school lead; however, with the new compliance necessary for federal assistance, both public and Catholic schools could integrate more grades in 1965. This could happen easily along the Gulf Coast which has a heavy influx from federal establishments. There are Keesler Air Force Base at Biloxi, Veterans Hospitals in Biloxi and Gulfport, NASA's Test Operation in Pearl County, and Federal contracts with Engals Shipbuilding Company at Pascagoula.

In the state as a whole, one of the most outspoken figures on racial justice is Father Bernard Law, editor of *The Mississippi Register* and a member of the inter-faith Council on Human Relations and the Committee of Concern working to rebuild bombed and burned Negro churches. His editorials and columns on social justice and the implications of the ecumenical movement are widely read in the Catholic community, and one of the editorials received a National Catholic Press Conference Award this year in New York. Another priest, Father Lawrence Watts of the Chancery Office, is active in the State's Poverty Program.

Yet with the exception of the Josephite Fathers, there are few priests who have been able, for reasons of conscience or obedience, to make any contribution to interracial, inter-faith dialogue. Not untypical of the Josephites is Father Phillip J. McLoone, the white pastor of a Negro parish, Our Mother of Mercy, in Pass Christian. An outstanding worker on one hand, he has also spoken publicly on behalf of his parishioners' rightful claims to places in the mainstream of the community. In the Gulf Coast, where they have several mission parishes and have received support and encouragement on the diocesan level, the Josephites expect their parishioners will be absorbed into normal parishes. Some Negro Catholics, however, including many from Father McLoone's parish, suffer from the "National Church" syndrome and are reluctant to join an integrated parish, knowing they would not be totally welcomed. There is little cooperation between parishes on this matter, largely due to a lack of communication among the clergy and between the clergy and laity.

Under a system of civil-legislated and legally enforced segregation laws in Mississippi, the Church has been forced to toe the line. Yet, where there is cooperation with other church groups, progress is being made in dialogue and in organizing groups to discuss the mutual problems of the races and to work toward their solution. This is no mean accomplishment in a climate of threats, intimidations, economic reprisals, bombings and fear, and there is no rush to join the bandwagon. The conservative Southern mind does not take change easily. It is only within the past year, with the bad publicity resulting from violence and the popularity of the Civil Rights Movement, and the threat of economic boycott, that whites and Negroes have come together to talk. But at least they are talking.

SID SICOTTE

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ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

REPUBLICANS AND VIETNAM

Republicans Barry Goldwater and Jacob K. Javits of New York seldom see eye to eye. This makes even more significant the fact that they recently joined in opposition to enlarged use of American ground troops in Vietnam.

Speaking to the national convention of the Young Republicans, Mr. Goldwater said: "I do not feel that the expanded use of American ground troops is an effective addition to the war. The proper ground forces for use in Vietnam are those of our other allies in the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization. The terrain and climate are familiar to them, unfamiliar to us."

Mr. Goldwater at the same time urged "the prompt withdrawal" of what he called the "promise of sanctuary" from American air attacks for the industrial area around Hanoi. "Our sea and air power should strike at all the means by which the enemy either supports or commits aggression." Mr. Goldwater was critical of President Johnson's statement that the goal of U.S. policy was nothing more than a completely neutralized South Vietnam, with a government representative of all factions. "Such a South Vietnam would be Communist virtually overnight," he said.

In some respects, liberal Republican Senator Javits saw the Vietnam problem the same way. Republican criticism of our present Vietnam policy, he said, was "urgently needed to avoid our involvement in a massive bog-down land war in Asia." However, Senator Javits went on to express concern over the fact that the increase of U.S. troops in Vietnam was taking place at the same time that the "gravest questions" were arising over "the whole premise of our policy that we are wanted there." It was urgent, he said, for the United States to make clear that its interest was limited to "freedom for South Vietnam" and that "we have no designs on Communist North Vietnam or other Communist areas in Asia."

Here were two views which came from opposite wings of the Republican party but which were agreed on one thing; opposition to American involvement in an expanded land war in Asia. Both, it seems to me, constitute contributions to consideration of our national goals in Vietnam. For a long time it looked as if there would be no serious discussion at all on this topic. On one side were the pacifists, on the other the Administration. Then the academic community began to disrupt the smooth surface of Lyndon Johnson's consensus, followed by Robert Lowell and many artists and writers, and finally joined by the Republicans. Obviously not all the points made in such a discussion will be of equal merit, and a certain amount of nonsense will have to be anticipated. Nonetheless, making allowances for all this, public debate over Vietnam is healthy, even essential.

With that said, I must record that I care very little for what seems to be shaping up as the Republican line. On this I take it that Mr. Goldwater comes much closer to the "official" position than does Senator Javits. Here Representative Melvin R. Laird of Wisconsin, chairman of the Republican Conference in the House, appears to have set the tone. Republican support of President Johnson would end, he suggested, if American ground troops were risked in Vietnam solely to achieve some sort of negotiated settlement instead of total victory; rather than using G.I.'s on the ground for limited ends, he argued, we should mount all-out bombing attacks deep into North Vietnam.

I may be wrong, but I suspect there is a lot of political appeal in Congressman Laird's approach. There is, after all, something attractive to Americans about a nice "clean" war waged from 30,000 feet up, just as there is something appealing about Mr. Goldwater's picture of a war in Asia fought only by Asians. But Congressman Laird's idea of a total victory by bombing North Vietnam is just as dangerous as Barry Goldwater's notion that SEATO can win the war for us is chimerical.

There is no indication whatsoever that our bombing in the North has weakened the will or ability to fight in the South—quite the contrary, in fact. Further aerial escalation of the war would almost certainly invite the entry into the war of the large North Vietnamese standing army which in turn would require the use of hundreds of thousands of American troops; in addition, it is not at all unlikely that bombing deep into North Vietnam would lead to intervention by the Chinese.

What, then, are the alternatives? In my view we cannot win a total victory at a price we can or should pay. This leaves only withdrawal now or Senator Fulbright's "resolute but restrained" action until the Communists see they also cannot win complete victory and agree to negotiate. Of the two, I would still opt—strongly—for the latter.

JAMES O'GARA

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THE COURT AND BIRTH CONTROL

A decision for privacy

WILLIAM B. BALL

Not everybody's expectations were realized in the Supreme Court's June 7 decision in the Connecticut birth control case. Some had feared, while others had hoped, that the Court would use the occasion to make a broad pronouncement readily utilizable in future campaigns for state-supported birth control programs. Rather, the Court has used the occasion to speak, not for family planning but for families, not for expansion of public power but for new recognition of rights of privacy.

Oddly (to this writer at least), the decision has not been hailed. "Accepted" would be a better description of public reaction. As an exercise of judicial power, the decision has come under considerable attack, some leading Catholic liberal commentators joining with Arthur Krock in belaboring the Court for its presumed judicial law-making in the case.

Perhaps, with some, disturbance over the decision has resulted from the Court's seeming to have responded to pressure group demands. Like much other litigation brought before the Supreme Court in recent years, the Connecticut case appears to represent a piece of what has been termed "associational jurisprudence," or the planned use by interest groups of the judicial processes in order to establish new law and thus advance their social aims. But all of this is entirely proper and long practiced. Here the interest group was Planned Parenthood, and the judicial processes were invoked through deliberate violation of a statute believed (correctly, so it turns out) invalid. Twice before, in 1942 and 1961, the attempt has been made, by similar means, to get a decision of unconstitutionality from the Supreme Court, but in both cases the Court had refused to entertain jurisdiction. On this third try, the Court decided the case on its merits and handed a signal victory to the contesters of Connecticut's 86-year old statute which made the use of contraceptives a crime.

Estelle T. Griswold, Executive Director of the Planned Parenthood League of Connecticut, and Yale professor, Dr. C. Lee Buxton, Medical Director for the League, opened a birth control clinic at New Haven in 1961, thereafter giving instruction on contraception at the clinic to married persons. Buxton was a veteran of the 1961 litigation. Their arrests and convictions followed, under the Connecticut statute rendering criminally liable accessories to crimes. The underlying crime to which they were judged accessories was violation of the aforementioned statute providing that "any person who uses any drug, medicinal article or instrument for the purpose of preventing conception shall be fined not less than fifty dollars or imprisoned not less that sixty days. . ." Connecticut courts upheld the convictions.

The latter statute, enacted in 1873, has been widely credited to the influence of the anti-vice crusader, Anthony Comstock, and a whole literature has grown up describing the evils and hilarities which "Comstockery" brought in its boiling wake. But in fact

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Comstock only articulated the moral sentiments of the America of his day. As Margaret Leech remarked: "Always he was in the van. But somewhere behind him an army of Puritans was solidly massed." The censorial "Comstock laws" reflected a popular and Calvinistic blind faith in the efficacy of criminal sanctions to render society good. This faith would see its maximum realization in Prohibition, and Comstock laws were really all of a piece with some other sorts of restrictive legislation, such as the national origins quota in the immigration laws. Society's safe path, so it was felt, lay in using the law to ban both dirty doings and dirty people. Such laws reflected, moreover, a nettling consciousness of the poor—among whom crime was deemed, if not more rampant than among those materially more favored by God, at least more reprehensible. Simpler in controlling the criminal propensities of the poor than the providing of living wages and other radical forms of social reform, was the employment of the harsh sword of criminal sanction.

The Clinics

The anti-use statute, however, had spent the better part of a century unenforced. Because its violation would ordinarily take place in bedrooms, it was obviously unenforceable. Contraceptive birth control appears to have been practiced no less in Connecticut than elsewhere in the U.S., but efforts in the 1930s to set up birth control clinics gave the statute a far more public dimension. The clinics, though private agencies, would render services to the public and were of course, intended to encourage more members of the public to practice birth control. And the clinics, where assisting and counseling in the forbidden practices were afforded, brought into focus the accessory statute. At the same time, they stirred new problems and pressures with the Connecticut General Assembly. So long as the statute remained alive, the clinics would operate at the peril of police action. Moreover, state-supported family-planning programs could scarcely be proposed while the use of contraceptives constituted a criminal offense. It was these factors which particularly energized Planned Parenthood's efforts in the legislature to bring about repeal of the statute. The same new public dimension of the statute was at the root of Catholic resistance to repeal.

Moreover, the very use of the legislature as the forum to try the statute meant that argument would center upon policy. And so proponents of repeal made it their main argument before the General Assembly that contraceptive birth control is a good thing while the Catholic opposition counterattacked contraceptive birth control as a bad thing. To neither side was the statute an "uncommonly silly law" (the phrase of Justice Stewart); to both it was a gravely potent symbol of principle as well as a door opening upon new public policy—a door to be kept shut or to be thrust open, according to what the statute symbolized to each.

However, use of the courts for trial of the statute necessarily shifted the focus from policy to constitutionality. Before the U.S. Supreme Court Connecticut argued that its anti-use statute (the only one of its kind in the country) represented a constitutional exercise of the police power of a state to protect public morals. The appellants argued that the accessory statute, as applied in the case, interfered with a doctor's rights to free speech and to the practice of his profession. Their main contention, however, was that the statute invaded rights of privacy of married persons. Upon the privacy issue they were supported by the able brief *amicus curiae* of Robert B. Fleming, attorney for the Catholic Council on Civil Liberties. This issue became the sole focus of the Court's decision.

Constitutional Questions

Seven justices agreed that the statute violated the right of marital privacy, and they have collectively raised the long-mooted "right to be let alone" to a new status in our constitutional law. (Precisely what that status is, is a bit in doubt, thanks to two basically different theories of it written by majority members. Plainly, however, it has been strikingly improved.) Justices Black and Stewart in dissent, argued in part for the right of states to be let alone by the Court, and in part that no specific "right of privacy" is to be found in the Constitution. Justice Black who, in his 28 years on the high court, has not been a notable apostle of judicial restraint, lambasted the employment by majority members of a "natural law due process theory" as the means "to invalidate any legislative act which the judges find irrational, unreasonable or offensive."

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While Black's indictment is already serving as fresh ammunition for critics of the Warren Court, both its deriding of "natural law due process" thinking and its intended doctrinal effect with respect to invasions of personal liberty by governmental action deserve rebuttal. Perhaps the best rebuttal is to be found in the essays of the majority members whom Black took under fire.

While it will be important to attempt to see what effects the Court's decision will have upon future policy developments and legislative psychology on the birth control front, it is equally important to put these considerations out of mind when examining the decision as a matter of constitutional law. The majority are now being arraigned for having fumbled for a constitutional basis on which to rest their proposition of privacy, but they might better be praised for the zealousness of their search. It is true that the Constitution contains no specific wording setting up a "right of privacy." But Justice Black's suggestion that the slow processes of amendment would therefore need to be gone through in order to establish such a right smacks of a literalism little known in our constitutional jurisprudence since the days of John Marshall—as Black who, in the 1947 *Everson* case, rewrote the disestablishment clause of the First Amendment, should supremely recognize.

Justices Douglas and Clark found the right in what Douglas called "emanations" of other privacy-related provisions of the Bill of Rights. The Fourth Amendment, for example, provides a right against unreasonable searches and seizures, and Douglas noted that the Court had long since agreed that this amendment really affords protection against all governmental invasions "of the sanctity of a man's home and the privacies of life." So, through similar emanations of the First, Third, Fifth and Ninth Amendments did Douglas see a "zone of privacy" created as a distinct and recognizable constitutional guarantee, a sort of penumbra of the Bill of Rights. The relationship of marriage Douglas then placed well within that zone. The anti-use statute, he said, sought to achieve goals by means destructive of that relationship which is "intimate to the degree of being sacred."

Justices Harlan, Goldberg, Warren, Brennan and White, agreeing that the statute involved a right of marital privacy, disagreed with the Douglas-Clark view that that right was a thing pieced together out of other Bill of Rights provisions. Rather they turned to language of the Fourteenth Amendment which prohibits state action depriving any person of life, liberty or property "without due process of law." They noted that the Court had long since interpreted this language to refer to those rights so basic as to be "implicit in the concept of ordered liberty," and they found, in the Connecticut case, so basic a right to be violated. Justice Goldberg, in an eloquent concurring opinion, called the right of privacy "a fundamental personal right." "Although the Constitution," he said, "does not speak in so many words of the right of privacy in marriage, I cannot believe that it offers these fundamental rights no protection." He added that "the entire fabric of the Constitution and the purposes that clearly underlie its specific guarantees demonstrate that the rights to marital privacy and to marry and raise a family are of similar order and magnitude as the fundamental rights specifically protected." Analyzing the Black-Stewart view that no specific right of marital privacy exists, Goldberg concluded that "if a law outlawing voluntary birth control by married persons is valid, then, by the same reasoning, a law requiring compulsory birth control would also seem to be valid," and that the latter law would be "totalitarian."

Some adverse comment upon the decision has centered upon the reliance of several of the majority upon the Ninth Amendment—"The enumeration in the Constitution, of certain rights, shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people." The point is peripheral. The true focus of the case is its powerful vindication of the right of privacy in marriage as a part of our essential constitutional liberties. Radiations of this right, going well beyond use of contraceptives, were indicated at various points by the majority justices—as, for example, "the marital relation" generally, "the marital home," the right "to bring up children," "the private realm of family life." While press reaction has focused too little upon these significant and inevitable inclusions of the decision, it has speculated widely concerning changes in public law which may be sparked by the decision.

The Aftermath

The long-awaited birth control decision was not essentially a decision on birth control. The justices might have (as often they have in the recent past) essayed broadly upon an extensive sociology pertaining to the narrow question before them. It was at least within their *power* (properly or improperly exercised) to have discussed the wide pervasiveness of contraceptive practices in today's America, the relationships of such practices to public welfare, and to have seeded today's jurisprudence with dicta which tomorrow could

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give rise to myriad changes in the law pertaining to public morals. Instead, they concentrated upon a single point: marital privacy in the face of invasion thereof by the state. By no means may their holding be stretched to cover every private act now proscribed by penal laws, though undoubtedly it will trigger the judicial or legislative repeal of certain closely related criminal statutes. The New York legislature, for example, nine days after the Supreme Court's decision, passed a bill voiding an 84-year-old ban on dissemination of birth control devices and information.

The big question being asked, however, is what bearing the Court's pronouncement may have on government-sponsored family-planning programs. Both supporters and opponents of such programs are saying that it will in fact give these great impetus. The Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* on June 15 said the ruling "should encourage timid state and local authorities who have hesitated to move ahead with the provision of birth control information to the thousands of families on public assistance." Some Catholic editorial writers have annoyedly expressed the same reaction. Both ignore the crucial fact that the Court's decision dealt solely with the private practice of contraception and, inferentially, the right of private birth control clinics to operate.

When there is introduced the element of sponsorship by the *public* authority of birth control programs and use of public funds therefor, a very different case is presented. Rather than finding in *Griswold v. Connecticut* (the title of the new decision) a legal buttressing of state-supported family planning programs, one may well find in the totality of the Court's recent pronouncements on governmental coercion, rights of conscience and rights of privacy a doctrinal position on birth control closely paralleling the Court's position on religion and governmental action—namely, that government should be neutral, neither penalizing birth control nor promoting it.

Grave questions indeed respecting the coercive power of the state in relation to the indigent individual are posed by many of the loosely worded family planning programs now cropping out at local, state and federal levels. The view taken by the Court in the school prayer cases that coercion of conscience of the child was implicit in the mere passive presence of the state in sponsoring the "voluntary" religious programs would appear not inapplicable to the situation where the indigent mother on relief is interviewed by a governmental bureau. The reach of the inquisitorial power of the state in the caseworker-client relationship, moreover, raises most serious questions precisely in the area of privacy now constitutionally zoned by the Supreme Court. Does it extend to such matters as frequency of sexual intercourse, ethical outlook, savings habits, drinking habits? What may be made a matter of record, and what guarantees of confidentiality are legally mandated? How far (apart from birth control) may the "planning" in family planning be carried? Some may indeed see in these programs a sort of new Comstockery, with a now highly managerial paternalism toward the poor and often unspoken puritanical assumptions respecting "undesirables." The whispered eugenicism in all too many welfare circles identifies these undesirables as Negroes. The overtones here are "overpopulation," but the undertone is *untermensch.*

The serious questions raised by state family planning programs have been little asked, and certainly they have not been answered by the routine Catholic blasts at the programs as "violating God's law" or as "state-promoted promiscuity." Perhaps the new Court decision will now serve to induce discussion of these programs in terms of rights of privacy—a civil frame of reference meaningful to all in the community.

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JOHN L'HEUREUX

THE OMEN

The cows were crying today. Justin heard them
in the field, saw loops of rhinestones trickle
from their eyes. How deny it?

This was not the only portent.
I saw the Arab lady wind her dance in scarves,
fall exhausted into earth, turn violet,
and disappear. Some things
are better unexplained: the birds

that circled at my head last Friday
settled in the beech trees secret watching
reappeared and circled once again —
my eyes contracted and I feared
their sharpened beaks.

To fear a bird. Foolish. Cows crying and Arab
ladies and the random flight of birds. Foolish. But

only now I watched a man put down
his coffee cup, stub his cigarette to ash,
and walk away. I saw more clear than death
the awful omen.

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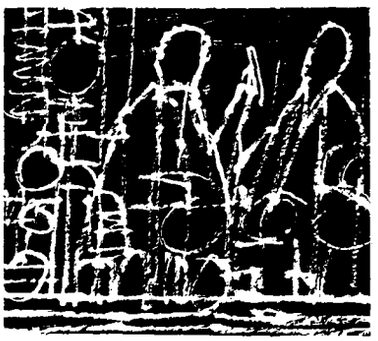
CHAOS IN SCIENCE

What space and defense are doing

AMITAI ETZIONI



Until recently, appropriations for scientific and technological projects were granted by Congress with surprisingly little scrutiny. But when the federal bill for research-and-development hit an all-time high of $14.7 billion in fiscal 1963—a climb of 445 percent in ten years—Congress appointed a committee to "research the researchers."

At first, there was some apprehension in the scientific community about the way the committee, headed by Carl Elliott (Dem. Ala.), might interpret its assignment. Fifteen billion dollars of federal money can hardly be passed out, even to scientists, without the occurrence of some irregularities; the committee, it was feared, might see its task as exposing these irregularities in its search for ways and means to curb them. However, the committee—and with it, Congress—is discovering that the problem is of a larger magnitude than a few irregularities in the counting of test-tubes or a wasteful use of paper clips.

The American science-and-engineering enterprise, two-thirds of which is financed by the federal government, is in a state of disarray, of the kind that often follows periods of rapid growth. What is needed is not just a little trimming and cleaning, but a basic design to guide future growth and bring to the present unruly enterprise some semblance of order.

Looking at this problem, Congress is discovering some facts more startling than that one federally supported researcher is investigating the shape of the atoms on the left bank of the Seine. The Elliott committee might wonder who decided that 87 percent of the federal research-and-development budget should go into defense, space, and atomic energy, leaving only 13 percent for *all* other fields of research; who decided that the number of doctors engaged in research should increase by 233 percent (between 1949 and 1962) while the number of practicing physicians grew only 28 percent; who decided that the medical schools should be forced to admit more girls and inferior students while space-related sciences get better students, and all the males they want; who decided that a score of federal agencies would engage in international education and training and so many federal agencies, exploring the ocean, that any day now two American oceanography ships will collide, trying to take the same sounding; or who decided that the White House staff for the guidance and coordination of all our scientific and technological efforts (which, in 1963, consisted of 29 men, only 12 of whom were professionals) would be sixty-five times smaller than the staff that one agency, NASA, uses to guide and coordinate its scientific and technological efforts?

The fact is that most of these decisions were never really made; the development of our research enterprise is not following any over-all policy. Each agency pursues its own program with little regard for any other agency or for any sort of comprehensive national

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program. The magnitude of this disarray and of its implications deserves telling; we are all affected.

A New Age

Few people realize that in the early fifties we entered into a new phase in the utilization of rational, organized knowledge. We entered the age of "mass-science," where scientific resources are widely used and are critical in determining our security, economic vigor, and health.

If the arms race continues, for example, most experts agree that research and development (R&D) will be the crucial area of activity. Already so few weapons of each model are produced before the model is outmoded and replaced (we are talking about building two, maybe three, RS-70 bombers), that the major cost of new weapons is for R&D: over 60 percent of the cost of intercontinental missiles and close to 90 percent of the cost of military-satellites.

If the arms race is phased out, it will then be up to our scientists and engineers to invent new usages for the idled assembly lines (perhaps flying cars? cigarettes without tar and nicotine? martinis chilled in plastic bags?). The vigor of our economy in general, as well as its rate of growth, depends less and less on the rate of re-investment of capital and more and more on the flow of new ideas into its machinery.

Finally, science is a prime concern to the forty million Americans now alive who will die from cancer; to the mental patients who occupy one bed out of every four in our hospitals; to the ten million Americans who suffer from some form of heart disease. The very lives of all these men, women and children, their families and friends, as well as those afflicted by other diseases, are vitally affected by the progress made by the legions of American researchers; the pills, vaccines, and new surgical tools they come up with.

Factories will soon have more men working in laboratories than on assembly lines; and cities will make their names as the seats of research centers and major universities. The prospects of a country will soon be measured more by the number and quality of Ph.D.'s it turns out than by the tons of steel it casts. Hence, no modern society in charge of its fate, can allow its scientific assets to be maldistributed or debased.

Even if there were no new demands on our scientific capacity, we would have a hard time stretching our supply of professional manpower to cover all these vital current needs. According to the Bane report, prepared for the U.S. Surgeon General, we will be short 18,000 physicians by 1975 if the present rate of graduation is not increased. (This does not mean that every American town will be short one doctor, which seems tolerable, but that less attractive towns will have a hard time keeping any physicians who are not alcoholics, or have no heart condition, or otherwise have no choice but to stay.) College teaching, the Office of Education calculated, will lack 90,000 Ph.D.'s by 1970, by present rates of graduation, which means further shortages on all other fronts, as the training of new professionals will lag behind the need. The number of engineers will fall short of that needed at the end of the decade, according to some calculations, by about fifty percent, if no more are turned out each year than were in the last years.

The extent of scarcity reflected by these figures is in some dispute. But granted some case can be made for less alarmist calculations, the danger remains of an over-optimistic approach which expects a "natural" adjustment of demand and supply, helped along by some limited government financing and guidance. But this conclusion, that a few stop-gap measures will suffice, is not borne out by the facts. Let us take a look at the monumental disorder and bottlenecks which already exist.

Scientific Resources

An observer fresh upon the facts of the American science and engineering enterprise would conclude not only that we value our security above all else, but that reaching the moon is twice as valuable to us as the additional contributions research-and-development could make to our health, to our social problems (from under-developed America to juvenile delinquency), to our international relations, and to all earth-sciences combined—from growing food in the ocean to boundless, inexpensive energy released through new chemical processes. He would reach this conclusion by noting that, while in 1963 we spent an estimated $11.4 billion on military and space R&D, we spent only seven percent of this amount ($0.8 billion) on R&D under the Health, Education and Welfare Department.

Despite all the complaints about the inadequacy of our foreign aid program, we appropriated only $7.7 million in 1963 on efforts to study its limitations and to search systematically for ways to improve it. Likewise our Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, one of the major research centers for ways to move toward "a world which is free from the scourge of war and the danger and burdens of armaments," received—even in the years when we were seeking to expand and exploit a major thaw in the cold war—a total budget

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of a mere $6.5 million, only part of which could be applied to research; this piddling sum would not pay NASA's electric bill.

The counter-argument is: we have enough resources to satisfy all our needs; no field need be deprived. But in fact as space and defense absorb an increasing segment of our science budget, drawing 25,000 out of the 27,000 R&D scientists and engineers graduated in 1963, not many funds or men were left for other needs.

If some national authority had consciously decided that our scientific resources should be distributed the way they are, we could argue that it had made a bad decision, but at least there would be an authority to argue with, and one that could reverse the decision. But this is not the case.

American science is not guided by any over-all policy or authority. The White House staff (organized into the Office of Science and Technology) is too small and politically too weak for this purpose. Assisted by the Federal Council for Science and Technology, it is primarily engaged in giving advice to the President, and in some coordination work among the agencies.

Congress has no committee in charge of federal research-and-development; the responsibility is dispersed among numerous committees, each looking after the particular program carried out by one or a few agencies. (When the President sent to the Senate for approval the name of his scientific advisor, the Senate had a hard time deciding which committee had jurisdiction.) Hence, Congress tends to deal with each program on its own merits—do we need more work in the area of mental health? more in space?—and it grants funds accordingly. Later, when the budget is found too big, something else is cut (e.g., a basic research project, Mohole, attempting to dig a hole through the earth's crust, was cut back late in 1963). But the critical question is not faced: what sector is deprived if mental health gets more? Who loses when the moon race gains?

Professional Manpower

The manpower problem is particularly important. Levels of taxation and the national debt can be raised by legislation and thus more funds be made available. But the same does not hold true for professional manpower; one cannot use today a Ph.D. that will graduate in the seventies, the way the government spends now tax-revenues that will be paid in the next decade.

Deciding how many Ph.D.'s will be reserved to train new Ph.D.'s and how many will be "consumed" by being recruited for research here and now, is not unlike a problem faced by the most primitive farmer: how many of his seeds should he reserve for next year's crop and how many will be eaten up this year? In the absence of a solid policy on this question, as the federal research empires have multiplied, they use up the manpower needed to train the next generation of researchers and engineers; thus the balance is upset and our scientific enterprise is put on borrowed time.

Likewise, the inroads that federal research has made on the campus and the distorting effects it has had on our major universities have often been cited, but few realize the full extent of the impact. By the end of the fifties 24% of the budgets of universities such as Harvard and Stanford was already covered by federal contracts, most of which go to research and not to education. For other universities it was higher, running as high as 66% for M.I.T., and an astounding 88% for the California Institute of Technology. Even more revealing is a recent study, conducted by Harold Orlans at the Brookings Institution, which showed that the majority of the senior scientists at twelve major universities could not provide the name of any of the undergraduate seniors majoring in their departments, and quite a few were unable to recall the names of more than a few graduate students. Teaching of future scientists cannot be effectively carried out on a part-time, afterthought, no-personal-contact basis.

All in all, the federal space-drive, whose budget has doubled every second year since 1958, coming on top of a giant military research and development empire, has greatly accelerated the current "consumption" of Ph.D.'s, at the cost of training new Ph.D.'s to replenish the supply tomorrow. The limited aid the government did give to education, far from alleviating the situation, had some distorting effects of its own.

Aid is given in the form of agency-bound fellowships (by the A.E.C., the National Institutes of Health, and NASA), and recently, for construction of buildings (but not for teacher's salaries). This particular mode of granting aid has several consequences: first, while the agencies are rather lenient in interpreting the tie between the fellowship and the particular area they promote, they do manage to plug their special concern. Some students accept fellowships to study "health related sciences" (or "space related") and end up studying whatever they initially desired; others, though, are swayed to follow the course the particular agency has in mind.

As a consequence, the same skewed distribution of resources that appears in the distribution of scientific resources in the federal government is gradually ex-

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tended to the campus. Today many more students are writing Ph.D. dissertations on mental hospitals and space-related subjects than was the case a few years ago, while other social science subjects and earth-sciences are neglected. This is one of the reasons for the increasing paucity of well-founded social criticism in this country. The David Riesmans, not to mention the C. Wright Millses, of tomorrow will be the only graduate students paying for their own education and research; federal money is not to be used for studies that have manifest political implications.

Moreover, there is, at a given time, a limited pool of high IQ talent on the campus. Even if every chair in every classroom is covered by a body, this does not mean that no re-distribution of talent has taken place. Because of factors such as the higher fellowships given by some agencies than by others, and the great publicity given to the exploits of NASA over, for instance, N.I.H., it is an open secret on the campus that medical schools get poorer students, and have to lower their admissions standards, while the space sciences attract better students.

By failing to take such redistributions of talent into account, a policy for science omits a most crucial factor. A loss of ten percent of its best talents by one discipline cannot be made up by increasing its federal budget fifty times and its student body by a hundred percent. The difference between a good and a bad student is much greater than between a good and a bad area of farm land, bushel of wheat, or tank—the kind of commodities federal authorities are more accustomed to dealing with.

The final—and in the long run, the most important—distorting factor is that almost all the federal aid to education so far has gone to graduate education. This eases the shortages somewhat, but its net effect is to shift the bottleneck in American scientific manpower one level lower. According to one poll, most graduates who have good and fair science ability already go into these disciplines. Obviously the solution to the scarcity of professional trainees lies elsewhere.

More and better junior colleges and high schools, better trained and more highly paid teachers, are essential if the supply of undergraduates is to increase and its level of quality is to be maintained. But even deeper reforms are needed.

Natural talents are distributed throughout all social and economic groups. So far we have utilized mainly those of the more privileged groups, but this pool is now close to exhaustion. The most profound problem of American society—that of fully introducing into the modern age and more fully sharing our affluence with millions of Negroes, unemployed families and the many Americans who must do on less than $2,000 a year—lies only two steps removed from our professional-manpower problems.

These are matters of long-term policy, our avoidance of which has many roots. Historically we have been affluent enough to do without formulating a national policy; psychologically, we are optimistic, expecting that things will work themselves out somehow; politically, Congress is more a blocking force than a force for action; and it is more responsive to the needs of specific agencies and services who have pull on the Hill, come over well on television, and claim to help us keep ahead of the Russians. The White House has neither the facilities to formulate a national policy on these matters, nor has it in the past revealed the political courage to fight these issues all the way, on the Hill and in the country.

All this must now change. We need additional Ph.D.'s, test tubes, classrooms, and cyclotrons. Even more, however, we need a rationally arrived at, long-run policy. We must begin now to build up the additional scientific assets we will need in the seventies, and we must begin also to use the assets we have in a way more in keeping with our national objectives and values. Waste of our scientific assets and failure to plan for the future are dubious luxuries the nation simply cannot afford.

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RONALD ELLIS

PEA HARVEST

The harvester gorges, then passes
The undigested food. I who steer
Am used; I am the machine's eye.
A chain of chained explosions
Propels me. The pitman clicks
And cuts the vines at the advertised
"Moment of Ripeness"; the teeth
Of the reel whirl to flick
Them on canvas belt, a moment
Of order split into a stream
Conveyed to windrow anonymity.
(At night the eye blinded sees
Relentless dreams of endless streaming green.)
And when a thistle snagged by the reel
Revolves a bright pink moment
And drops, like the face you will never know
As the car flicks it past,
The moment of ripeness is lost.

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Tours in atonement

RETURN TO AUSCHWITZ

ADOLPH SCHALK

The medieval city of Cracow, when I was there last fall, still displayed blood-red bunting hanging from the buildings around the picturesque square of Rynek Glowny. There were crossed-out bombs and swastikas crudely painted on them, along with the slogan, *"Namba Mordercom z Uswiecimia 1939 NIE!"* recalling that infamous September 1 Nazi invasion and the atrocity-ridden occupation that followed.

"It is hard," a middle-aged Pole said to me in a cafe (speaking in German incidentally), "not to hate the Germans if you have lived through those times. And the regime feeds on this understandable resentment and distrust and tries to keep it alive."

My table companion became more friendly as the evening wore on and before parting extended an invitation to his home. When it turned out that he lived, of all places, in Auschwitz, just 40 train miles away, I promised definitely to come. A few days later I checked out of my hotel and headed for the notorious town.

Oswiecim, as it is known in Polish, looks much like any Polish town of 15,000, with its drab market place, filled twice a week with colorful stalls and big umbrellas, its muddy, potted roads, its town hall, nondescript shops and soot-covered Catholic church. In spite of the new train terminal (enlarged to accommodate the constant stream of visitors to the former extermination camp site), the overall impression is one of neglect and deterioration.

To be sure, there is the relatively new housing project on the outskirts of the town, complete with apartment blocks, a catch-all community center, pseudo-modern shops and even a couple of miniature skyscrapers. But on closer inspection the entire complex turns out to be an ugly jerry-built affair, about as glamorous as a twenty-year-old Buick. The walls are discolored and cracked, the pastel balconies smeared and faded.

The single telephone book found (after nearly an hour's searching) had half its pages torn out, but I finally contacted my host, whom I shall call Kowalski, who welcomed me to his home. Proudly he showed me the town, as if it lived up to its pretensions, climaxing the tour at the community center. In the lobby an elaborate display of charts and diagrams boasted of the town's rising production and standard of living. That there is more wishful thinking than fact in these ambitious figures is evident on any Polish street, with its visible evidence of widespread poverty and inadequate employment, and, for that matter, on the Kowalski dinner table. Almost tearfully Mrs. Kowalski apologized for the absence of butter, milk and meat. "I tried at at least a dozen shops," she said, "all for nothing."

Mr. Kowalski, a chemist, works at one of the plants left behind by the great German I.G. Farben chemical trust. It had early in World War II "discovered" Auschwitz as a profitable site for the German wartime synthetic coal-oil and rubber plant with the full benefit of the cheap slave labor provided by the extermination camp. Today the Kowalskis sometimes have to keep their windows closed even in summer when the wind blows in their direction, for the air is so polluted by these factories that it makes their eyes smart.

The Kowalskis have three children, Henryk, 10, Waclaw, 16, and Basia, 12. The next morning I learned that Waclaw slept on the kitchen floor so that I could use his bed.

The notorious former extermination camp is not visible from any part of the town, but a five-minute bus ride from the main square will bring you there. On my second day in Oswiecim, Mrs. Kowalski accompanied me on a tour of the camp site.

Not Much to See

When you get off at the end of the line, there is not much to see, just a couple of refreshment stands, a cluster of trees, and an old barracks building, which serves as the reception center and point of entry. Unlike the Dachau camp site, which stands out conspicuously on a plain, the Auschwitz site is secluded. Nor were there such "souvenirs" on sale here, as there had been at Dachau a couple of years ago of postcards showing the ovens and the barracks buildings.

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It is only when you pass through a grove of trees, that the actual camp emerges, much of it still intact. First the triple, once electrically-charged, wire fence, broken every 50 yards or so by grim lookout towers. Then, just as we turned the corner, the chilling impact of the main entrance, spanned by a steel arch of the type sometimes found in Bavarian beer gardens, with the words, "*Arbeit Macht Frei*" (Work Makes Free) that first greeted the incoming prisoners herded into the camp.

Inside, several rows of red brick barracks buildings, for the most part just as they were when they housed the prisoners destined for the "final solution of the Jewish question," comprise the Auschwitz Museum, which is maintained by the Polish government. Mrs. Kowalski and I tagged onto a group of peasants from a remote part of Poland making the standard tour.

We entered the first block, where there was a huge glass case, about the size of three boxcars, nearly filled with a mound of what at first looked like steel wool. And then, with a shudder I realized that it was human hair that had been shaved off the prisoners' heads. "In the adjoining case," droned the teenage girl guide, "is a roll of matting made from this hair, which was used by the Germans during the war."

After that first shock, what followed was anti-climactic. In a second block a similar glass case contained a 12-foot high mound of children's shoes. In a third, the victims' clothes, with those of the children piled separately. In a fourth, toothbrushes, broken eyeglasses, false teeth, and elsewhere mounds of pots, pans, commodes.

In blocks 10 and 11 we were shown the dungeons where men and women were hanged by their thumbs in tight cells without ventilation. Crude attempts at artistry, scratched into the wall with fingernails as a last desperate cry for humanity, are still visible. Outside, faded drawings of flowers can still be seen on the *schwarze wand* (black wall) where thousands were executed by firing squads.

Finally, we were taken to the notorious gas chamber, airtight and windowless, about the size of a small classroom. The outlets for the former gas jets spaced at intervals in the ceiling were still to be seen. Prisoners, told that they were going to take a shower, must have wondered about the absence of any drains in the floor. From here the bodies were scooped out and thrown, one by one, into the furnaces in the adjoining crematorium. Two of them are still on display. (The manufacturer was so proud of their construction for this purpose that they were patented.)

". . . and toward the end the camp was setting new records," the monotone voice of the guide droned on, "with more than 6,000 gassings a day. . ."

In order to make sure that even the least imaginative visitor does not fail to grasp the significance of the tour, the Museum offers regular showings of documentary movies, taken at the moment of liberation and by the SS guards themselves, which reveal the actual condition of the camp during its use.

One surprising feature of the camp is its smallness, far less impressive physically than many American parking lots. One somehow expects a place of such unfathomable ignominy to be also physically overwhelming, until one realizes that not much room is needed when the inmates are continually exterminated.

Less than two miles away is the site of the Auschwitz-Birkenau extension. Here a one-way railroad track still ends at a ramp, where prisoners were unloaded from cattle cars to be selected, either for the barracks, as slave labor at the I.G. Farben plant, or for the gas chamber.

Although Mrs. Kowalski admitted that she has taken her own children on a tour of the camp, she has made a point of teaching them not to hate the Germans. It is hard to say whether her forgiving attitude is widespread in Poland, but most certainly it is not typical. Even less typical is the fact that her son, Waclaw, corresponds regularly with a West German boy whom he met when the latter was making a Catholic Action bicycle tour of atonement to various concentration camp sites.

Mr. Kowalski pointed out that the anti-German campaign on the part of the Polish government is real enough. Although the stream of visitors to Auschwitz has declined in recent years, it is still a stream, while Poles themselves continue to pour in by the busload, almost daily, from every corner of Poland, often at government expense.

The real meaning behind this, according to veteran observers, is to build up trust for the Soviet Union as "our true friend." Some effort is made to portray East Germany as the "good Germany, while the Federal Republic is often described with the adjective "warmongering."

Shortly before going to Auschwitz I spent a couple of days at Czestochowa, where I visited the monastery of Jasna Gora, famous for its "Black Madonna." One of the Pauline Fathers, who are in charge of the shrine, guided me through the monastery and ended the tour by showing me two huge guest books in the library. Flipping open to a certain page in these books; the monk pointed to one of the signatures that, considering where we were, can only be regarded as sacrilegious:

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none other than that of SS Chief Heinrich Himmler. There was also one believed to be a pseudonym of Hitler himself. Ironically, the same books contain the signatures of Konrad Adenauer and John, Robert, Ethel and Eunice Kennedy.

Trial in Germany

After leaving Poland, by sheer coincidence, I happened to visit a German family in Frankfurt where the Auschwitz trial had been in progress for 18 months. The son of the family, here called Kohler, accompanied me to one of its final sessions, being held in the auditorium of Frankfurt's Gallus Community Center, a sleek new building whose cheerfulness lent an eerie, unreal quality to the proceedings. Presumably the Center was chosen to avoid disrupting the regular court calendars.

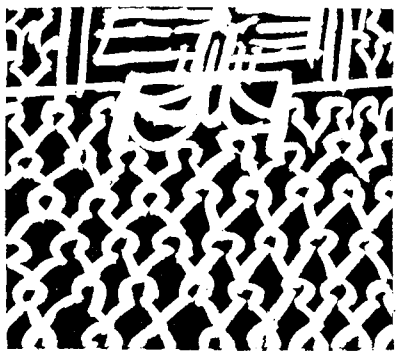
Inside, with its solid red brick wall on one side, and ceiling-high picture windows on the other side, the improvised courtroom looks like nothing so much as an American high school gymnasium. Opposite the balcony, which served as the press gallery, the judges sat on the auditorium stage, in front of a long table literally covered with bulging folders. Below them in rows of benches like choir stalls, the accused and their police guards impassively faced the prosecutor's table and grim diagrams of the Auschwitz camp.

Outside, children were shrieking and shouting during recess at the adjoining *Günderrode Schule,* while the prosecutor inside, making his summation, was arguing monotonously for a stiff sentence for one of the accused. Tactfully, the pastel blue drapes were drawn closed so that the children could not gaze inside.

With the exception of former Gestapo sergeant Wilhelm Boger, who actually does have a bestial appearance, the accused looked more like tired, middle-aged subway commuters than brutal Auschwitz guards, underlining Hannah Arendt's comment, in reference to the Eichmann trial, on "the banality of evil."

The poor attendance at the trial that day—I counted about a hundred spectators, mostly under 25—was very misleading. An Israeli reporter, who had followed the proceedings from the beginning, told me that throughout the trial it has been well attended, sometimes to overflowing. Almost daily, members of the Bundeswehr were present. But he also said that some Germans were snubbed by their friends because they attended.

My companion, aged 23, is a young budding political scientist and his musically and politically conscious family is not exactly typical. He has an older brother, aged 28, and two younger sisters. Mr. Kohler is a music teacher. During the war, he fought on the Russian front, but was not otherwise involved in the Nazi regime. The Kohlers live comfortably, unlike the Kowalskis, in their own house, have an Opel car and enjoy the abundance of West German prosperity.



The Kohler family is unanimously in favor of continuing the Nazi trials. Unlike most Germans, the Kohlers believe that the German people should give up, once and for all, their hopes of regaining the former German Oder-Neisse territories, now under Polish administration. The Kohlers belong to that segment of the German people—no one knows how large it is—which is willing to accept fully the burden of responsibility and atonement for the sins of the Nazi regime against the Jews.

By contrast, however, the more common reaction to the Auschwitz trials is, "We have had enough of this. Why must the name of Germany be continually dragged through the mud, because of a few bandits?" The lawyers on the small prosecution staff of the Auschwitz trial reportedly believe that as many as 90 percent of the German people are opposed to such trials. They base their judgment on their own mail and the difficulties they frequently encounter trying to get local authorities to ferret out and arrest suspected Nazi criminals. Meanwhile, a West German federal agency in Ludwigsburg has accumulated a massive file on former Nazi criminals still at large, estimated at over 22,000.

The most common remark Germans make when asked what they think about the Nazi murder of millions of Jews is: "We didn't know." This is hard to reconcile with the fact that anti-Semitic laws were enforced everywhere, that humiliation of the Jews and the brutalities of the pogroms were public actions, and that their sudden and mysterious disappearance was common knowledge. "Who can believe such statistics," is another common answer. "We suffered too. Millions of Germans were driven from the homeland, and look what the Allies did to Dresden!"

A nationwide opinion survey, made under the auspices of West German television, which is government-

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owned, showed that fifty-seven percent of West Germany's eligible voters wanted to stop prosecution of Nazi criminals, while only 32 percent favored continuing the Nazi hunt, and 11 percent in this category gave no opinion. Only 46 percent of respondents over 30 years of age said they had heard of Nazi atrocities against the Jews during the war.

A reporter for a leading West German newspaper, however, thought the number of those opposed to the Nazi trials might be even higher, "because," he said, "few of the older generation can be expected in such a survey to give honest answers."

To My Loving Son

The difficulty of arriving at a true answer of German attitudes towards the Nazi era is illustrated by the following incident. I had gone to say goodbye to a young German neighbor who was moving away. While he was sorting out his things he showed me a book about the group of men, today regarded as heroes in the Federal Republic, who unsuccessfully attempted to assassinate Hitler. It was inscribed, "to my loving son on his 28th birthday," a present from his father. But in so doing he accidentally knocked over a pile of papers on his desk, which included a photo of Hitler. On the back of this picture an almost identical inscription from his father had been not quite erased. It read: "to my loving son on his 8th birthday."

It is important, however, to point out that although it is only a minority of Germans who appear to satisfy the world's—and especially the Jewish—expectations of repentance, restitution and atonement, this is nevertheless the elite minority. With some exceptions, it includes most of the country's educators, politicians, leaders, writers and journalists. To date West Germany has paid over $4.13 billion in adjudicated claims to Jewish victims of Nazism. While no amount of money can ever make good what has happened at Auschwitz and elsewhere, it appears that Israel is sufficiently impressed by West Germany's efforts to establish diplomatic relations with Bonn.

Whatever the disappointment over the rank-and-file Germans' callousness toward the lesson of Auschwitz, the West German press, radio, television has surely given the Auschwitz trial and everything connected with the Nazi era the most comprehensive, soul-searching coverage to date that it is humanly possible to expect. As the young Kohler said to me, "the Auschwitz trial, like the Eichmann trial, is important for its educational value. For it has compelled the Germans to realize that the unbelievable is believable."

BACK TO THE ZOO

THE STAGE

The current revival of Edward Albee's first play, "Zoo Story" suggests a footnote to some recent notes in this space about the theater of homosexual sensibility; for this play proves to be in certain respects a prototype of this theater, containing the original version of at least one of its essential scenes.

This is the scene in which the hip character methodically bullies the square one, with all the cards stacked in his favor. For reasons of diplomacy, the characters in this pillowfight are usually presented as heterosexual, but there is something wrong with the picture. The teasing goes on for too long at the same pressure. In real life, this kind of baiting among men leads, and is meant to lead, swiftly to some kind of showdown. The bully wearies of verbal jousting and escalates toward his real goal—the adrenalin banquet, and the smell of physical fear; the victim understands that he is being challenged and must either raise his own bet or get out; and so you get action, of one kind or another, battle or defiant, I-happen-to-have-a-broken-arm retreat.

These are the conventions that most of us grew up with from schoolroom to barroom, and they are violated more and more outrageously in plays of this genre. I am no rabid naturalist, but would like to suggest, simply as a public service, that anyone who tried these tricks outside the theater would get himself a thick lip before he could say "tiny alice protect us."

But it is only in the glare of hindsight that we can see this difficulty in "Zoo Story." Broader efforts by clumsier playwrights (and Albee himself is clumsier in 3 acts than he used to be in one) have since magnified a small credibility-problem into a large one.

In "Zoo Story," Jerry the hipster (I apologize for this sloppy shorthand) makes a genuine, if eccentric, effort to befriend Peter, the sacrificial square. Jerry represents what is left of the human sensibility in New York City, and as such wants to make some sort of contact with somebody; Peter meets him with all the usual square defenses: willing (all too willing) to talk about his children; profoundly shocked when asked his income; fretful when asked his name; absolutely terrified when asked his address.

Finally Jerry cons Peter into killing him—possibly the only form of human contact left in the city, is the

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implication. We find ourselves here in two psychological kingdoms: the Brechtian jungle kingdom, where people are too suspicious to get their relationships straight, and the nursery kingdom where the child screams for the adult's attention, even to the point of a spanking. As the knife goes into Jerry, it is more than a bit like a hairbrush on the behind which a child has been begging for all day. It is better to be punished than ignored.

Working backwards from the climax we can see that the two themes have been crisscrossing all along. In one sense, Jerry has genuinely wanted to make friends with the cold city; but at the same time he has played the homosexual bully to it, demanding not love but the perverse contact represented by the knife in the stomach. This is the grown-up child's demand for punishment (for the bully and the nagging child are the same person) and it rather complicates the theme of the city's coldness. For in this particular case, the square's defenses are, at least partially, understandable: and this is precisely the opposite of what the play seems to want us to feel.

This problem will become more acute in the imitation plays to follow, where the homosexual sensibility has become central and permeative: again and again we seem to be being asked to endorse basic human values when we are only being asked to endorse some invert demand on society and asked in general to side with this particular sensibility against its own wounded version of the straight world. There is so much wrong with the straight world that this can be a pleasure at times; but it is still possible to sneer for the wrong reasons.

A leader shouldn't be blamed for his followers, and "Zoo Story" shouldn't be blamed for the heavier, less nuanced versions of the big square-baiting scene that have trampled its heels. It contains, anyway, some fine lines, including one of my all-time favorites: "you meet all sorts in publishing." Ben Piazza makes a nice, twitchy Jerry, but George Bartinieff is perhaps a little too soft as Peter: suggesting that the square world is really too weak to worry about.

The play has its moments of poetry, as when Jerry guesses from the way Peter's legs are crossed that he thinks two children are enough. But it is straight prose in contrast with its partner on the bill, "Krapp's Last Tape." Beckett's 7-page play is an extraordinary flight of imagination: the old man fumbling through his drawers muttering, until he finds—a banana! his frantic search for the tape ("the little rascal") and the wild melancholy of the tape itself—This kind of play has no relatives, no imitators, just sits there in all its strange beauty. It would be a richer model for our theater than Albee, except of course that it cannot be copied. George Bartinieff does much better in this one, and his grunts as he runs his banana to earth are a delight. (*At the Cherry Lane*) WILFRID SHEED

THE SENEGALESE KID

THE SCREEN

The idea isn't particularly new. And even the movies have often handled the theme of the naïve-but-wise-in-his-way country boy who comes to the big city to seek fame and fortune and then is thoroughly disillusioned by the wicked metropolis before he scurries home to the hills. But the French semi-documentary, "The Winner," about a young boxer from Senegal who comes to Paris and hopes to become a champ, does it better. Producer Pierre Braunberger and director Francois Reichenbach (who also did some of the excellent photography) have mixed serious and humorous subjects with imagination in telling the story of the West African Abdoulaye Faye, who plays himself in the film. Although most of the scenes are staged and edited, and English is spoken in this adaptation by Noelle Gillmor, "The Winner" has an authentic documentary tone.

Much of the film's success is due to the sincerity and charm of the youthful Faye whose poise throughout is amazing and whose comments on Parisian life (if they are really his) are a delight. Perhaps it's the little scenes and off-hand remarks that are most startling. During a flashback that recounts his arrival in Paris and his being the first black man in this lower middleclass neighborhood, Faye recalls his sensations when he saw his first white man in Senegal. Again and again he gives his impressions of the sights and sounds and people of Paris. From his window, he sees a young fellow going to bed with a girl who is perhaps a streetwalker: "I wouldn't want *my* sister to do that." And later, commenting on the strange things women do for money, he watches a strip-teaser stripping and doing a sensuous, almost-nude dance: "She must be an orphan."

Faye realizes that all is not sordid in Paris as he goes on tours of the city and sees the monuments and parks and children at play, and even imagines he sees the love of his life, Michele Morgan, across the courtyard. The roving camera finally comes to the arena on the night of Faye's big fight which he knows he must win. And even here, the photography, with its shots of fighters,

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fans, dressing rooms, and fighting manages to be revealing and informative without resorting to fight-film clichés. The finale of this unusual movie is in keeping with its extraordinary style throughout: "So I lost; but it is a victory and you have to be a wise man to know it. I did not get what I wanted most – to be a champion. But I regret nothing. I'll work in the factory until I save some money. Then I'll go back to Senegal and become a capitalist."

A more typical documentary, although a surprising one considering it was written, directed, and produced by Lou Stoumen who did so well with the life of Hitler in "Black Fox," is "Image of Love." It purports to trace the history of love from Adam to the present. Visually, it consists of a strange hodge-podge of art treasures, photographs of nudes, stills and actual scenes from feature films and newsreels, and a variety of miscellany all thrown together to answer, "What sort of woman does a man really want?" Although the color varies in quality, the film is interestingly put together and is technically quite outstanding. But the sum total of all this is such a conglomeration of culture and vulgarity with emphasis on the erotic that one wonders if Stoumen is pulling our leg.

As Stoumen romps through the ages with his pictures (Stone Age, Greek, Roman, Renaissance, etc., right up to the present with Picasso and bathers on today's beaches) he accompanies his plethora of love with a narration that also runs the gamut from academic observations to wise cracks and tasteless tidbits on erotic behaviors. Anthony Newley reads these comments and puts his all into the factual material and the burlesque jokes. If "Image of Love" had been carefully edited and had omitted the gossip and schoolboy humor, it might have come up with a worthy observation on love through the ages.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

THE COMICS

ETC.

The novel may be dead, but open-ended novels are being unreeled before us day by day, and these are certain comic strips. The point of the novel is a concept of society, and this is the sometimes unconscious point of the comic strip. It tells an unending story in a hinted landscape with sharply defined characters, and inevitably expresses a certain theory about what life is or, more or less, could be.

It is hardly a matter of opinion that there are just two geniuses in this field: Al Capp and Walt Kelly.

In Capp's *Li'l Abner*, the landscape is most provincially limited, the characters the most extremely defined, and the theory of life is at once the wildest and the shrewdest. Everybody is going all-out all the time, as in the silent movie comedies. The innocence and durability (a paradox) of the two Yokum boys are absolute but are protected by the realism, and still greater power, of Mammy Yokum. As befits a Boston boy, Capp has a firm sense of hereditary class: the Yokums are aristocratic, as is also that ultimate Tyrannosaurus dinosaur, Colonel Bullmoose. People are either awfully ugly or beautiful. All these people are in deadly earnest but they are thwarted because they have one-track minds. The conflict in this novel arises readily, because almost anybody encountering the Yokum innocence would be incited to some sort of mischief, while the limitless Yokum power is held in check by the Yokum decency.

Since this is exactly the way we all think of ourselves, Capp must know something. Perhaps because his concept of life, while preposterous, is also true, we now and then get a flash of recognition that yes, life is indeed like this, and is hilarious. The scoundrels, such as Bullmoose, are fully as dedicated as the Yokums. A recent villain is a sweet Sarah Lawrence College social worker who merely wants Li'l Abner. Meanwhile Daisy Mae, because of a dislocation in her brain, turned into a home-wrecking houri in Las Vegas. Nowhere do people work at such right-angled cross-purposes as in this novel, and yes, this is the way life is.

The area of *Li'l Abner* is bounded by the Marx Brothers, Samuel Beckett and Aldous Huxley. Its only rival, *Pogo*, has the very different qualities of *Tristram Shandy*.

Walt Kelly uses animals in *Pogo*. This is very brave, for it must always be done in the shadow of Aesop, La Fontaine, Swift and Lewis Carroll, and risks the danger of the same joke repeated endlessly. If these different species, orders and phyla were merely talking at cross-purposes, as in a saloon argument, we would have only a ridicule of jargon.

But these are real and dedicated characters. The owl is academic, foul-tempered and always right; the alligator is the heroic activist, loyal and magnanimous; the mole is a villainous idiot; and so on. Pogo himself, an unrecognizable possum, a marsupial, is the normal judgment on these others, the standard of truth against which they are measured. And how odd that he is

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a marsupial. If Pogo's superior ever appears, he must be a platypus.

As with *Tristram Shandy* or Marcel Proust, reading *Pogo* is only satisfactory as a life-work. Simply to recognize these creatures may take years. A single instalment of *Pogo* gives the newcomer a very small flick of amusement, and that mainly because of the travestied jargons. The style of the characters is not blatant and will largely escape a non-expert. (A heroic alligator?) This makes it as different as possible from *Li'l Abner*, where the highlights are really high. Here there is mumbling in the twilight.

Oddly, *Pogo's* instruction in humanity would alone make it a classic. While people are discussing it—or Proust or *Tristram Shandy*—they suddenly sound as if they knew a great deal more about mankind than, one knows, they actually do. They have accepted the *Pogo* characters with their limitations, feeling superior, touched, pitying, but without any real strain on their humanity, and so they have become theoretically capable of sympathy. This is progress. The use of *Pogo* as a therapy in insane asylums suggests itself, for it marks the gentle road back to humanity.

It might be noted that Kelly's characterizations, such as the insolent worm, the noble alligator, the irascible owl, run counter to the traditional opinion of these creatures. What is the least noble of creatures? An alligator. What the least arrogant? A worm. What the least sensible? An opossum. Thus, we assume the characters were defined only on the grounds of whimsy. Yet the very wrongness of the characters seems to liberate them from their zoological bonds, and makes them funnier. They are what they contrarily must be, as are also the people in *Li'l Abner*.

Here we come to the end of the geniuses.

For me, the two most anxiously awaited strips are also the two most ridiculed, the so-called "Fascist propagandas," *Orphan Annie* and *Dick Tracy*. The former constantly uses the total-response plot, as in the expression, "Clancy lowered the boom." The boom comes down about once a month in *Orphan Annie*. Daddy Warbucks had an effective anti-missile missile several years ago; he wages private nuclear war when crowded. Recently he was immured in a phony asylum but kept up his strength by secret exercises. By the most natural coincidence Annie released him and he stumbled on a former partner in the mountains who had discovered the richest mine in the world. (A new element, that's all.) The battle for supreme power in the world (we only hear about this battle in this strip, but who knows?) is on again. It's going to be another cliffhanger but don't sell Daddy short. At the end of the episode Annie and her wise old dog will be alone on the road again.

The drawing here seems crude and fuzzy; the landscape is one of nightmare; the bad characters have degenerate features and their hair stands straight up when "Clancy lowers the boom." The author's mother must have been frightened, just before his birth, by the Molly Maguires; yet this too is a valid concept of life.

Dick Tracy is also nightmare, but brightly lit, and with a supporting police force. A rich friend of the hero's has a machine that commutes back and forth to the moon, and has brought back a bride, Moon Maid, for Junior. Recently, because she has superhuman power given her by the sun through two antennae, she has been effortlessly blasting mobsters. The mob trapped her in a bank vault so that she couldn't get the sun's energy. And she is pregnant!

These two delightful escape novels make no attempt to achieve the recognition of *Li'l Abner* or *Pogo*. The criminals in *Dick Tracy* keep crying about "the violation of our constitutional rights" but this valid satire is too crude. Once the evil of the malefactors is established, any response is justified, even the most evil

Since current American philosophy is all in the opposite direction, this propaganda gives no particular cause for alarm. Both Tracy and Orphan Annie are implicitly concerned with power. This too is a valid concept of society, any society. The transitions in Annie are slow, those in Tracy hurried. The darkness of the unknown always presses in on Annie; the momentary happiness is certainly doomed. In Tracy, on the other hand, we are on the winning side.

The comic books, neither comic nor books, which children endlessly pore over, will not be considered here. The subject is too vast, bottomless and unprofitable.

The remarkable monologues and dialogues of Jules Feiffer are a special case. Here neurosis is accepted as universal, and we are in a decadence of self-consciousness, the last throes of Freud. Each instalment seems a tour de force which can hardly be maintained. All such humor assumes a grasp of psychiatric clichés and would be meaningless without it. It may be taken as a side-effect of all the mental-health columns in the newspapers.

The advent of progressive education and John Dewey finally gave us *Miss Peach*. Despite the benefits of civilization, I am getting somewhat tired of such "cool" strips as this one. The monstrously smug little people brutalizing one another by the book, the brainwashing, the one-upmanship, the "little adults," headed by

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Marcia, finally reach me as a vicious in-joke which must always be the same joke.

If, at this point, anyone wants to say that I am deficient in a sense of humor, I will agree, in the context.

Other strips that I have completely ceased to look at, as I once became permanently blind to Ed Sullivan, are *Winnie Winkle*, *Dondi*, *Terry* and *Mary Worth*, all of which (but not Ed Sullivan) exhibit more sheer goodness than I can comfortably take.

Comic strips reflect the changing patterns of the society, but very cautiously and belatedly. The women are getting more aggressive, the kids more rambunctious. World travel is growing more popular. Recently Brenda Starr has been to the Caribbean, *On Stage* to Moscow and Yugoslavia—and of course the airmen and detectives are likely to pop up anywhere. Occasionally the foreigners have some good qualities, as did a recent Russian officer in *On Stage*, but generally they remain just what they always were, foreigners. Real internationalism has not overwhelmed the comic strips.

Properly read, the strips give reliable signals as to what the man-on-the-street is thinking about the world. The artists are nearly all men-on-the-street themselves, though a little richer. The comic-strip artist is typically like the members of his social group, but a little more so. He fraternizes, he tries to keep in touch, he listens and he does not have the distraction of being famous.

One might say that a nation has consolidated its advance just about as far as its comic strips have evolved. Beyond that it is still uncertain ground.

DAVID CORT

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

HELENE MULLINS

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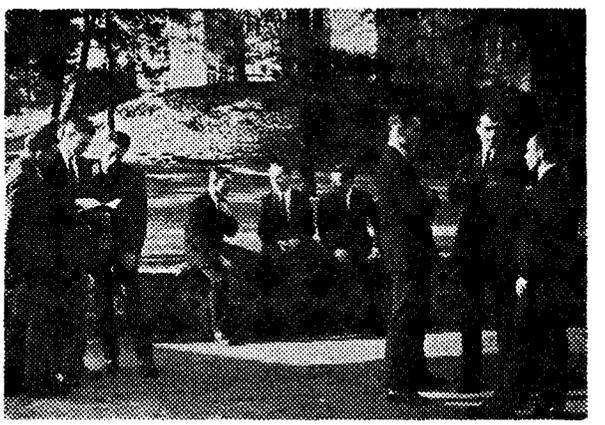

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BOOKS

600 million Chinese + Communism + the bomb = ?

China and the Bomb

MORTON H. HALPERIN

Praeger, $4.95

Mao and the Chinese Revolution

JEROME CH'EN

Oxford, $7.50

SEYMOUR SLESSINGER

What can be expected of the Chinese Communists after they gain a nuclear arsenal and lose the personal touch of Mao Tse-tung, their father-figure, who is now 71-years old? Morton Halperin's *China and the Bomb* contains the most definite attempt made so far to probe the future, and for this alone it merits a commendation. The book starts with concise summaries of Peking's foreign policy aims since 1949 and its official attitude toward nuclear weaponry, both before and immediately after the test last fall. Then the author attempts to estimate how the Chinese are likely to use their new power and how the United States can best meet its challenge.

Most of Dr. Halperin's analysis is sound, though unexceptional. He believes that Peking wants a nuclear arsenal for security purpose primarily, but will also try to exploit it to add to its influence in the Communist bloc and Southeast Asia and to advance the cause of Communist world revolution. This program for the United States boils down to standing firm and making crystal clear our readiness to reply in kind to any aggression, nuclear or conventional.

There are a few faults. At one point, for example, Dr. Halperin is convinced that the Chinese are now aware that the danger of nuclear attack against them is greater than before, and, therefore, that "until China acquires a militarily useful nuclear capability, there will probably be a hiatus in major foreign-policy ventures on her part, providing an opportunity for the United States to deal with the problems." However, he changes his mind not long after and decides that they are "less worried about this threat" and thus "must be made to realize . . . that their development of a nuclear capability will increase rather than decrease the likelihood of the United States using nuclear weapons against them." Unfortunately, there is a real difference between acting on an opportunity presented and creating one.

I would also question the suggestion that "If the Soviet Union should ever reach the point where she is prepared to . . . [destroy China's nuclear facilities] . . . the United States should indicate that she has no objection to it and will not interfere in any way." I wonder if Dr. Halperin is prepared to accept Soviet hegemony over the Chinese mainland, which would probably result.

Jerome Ch'en's *Mao and the Chinese Revolution* will not do for readers who depend on learned speculation. However, those who prefer to weigh the evidence and draw their own conclusions should find this readable and well-documented study of the Chinese Communist revolution rewarding. Dr. Ch'en says that his purpose is to relate the development of Maoism to Mao's personal experiences, to the nature of Chinese society in the twenties and thirties, and to the Chinese revolutionary wars. He also includes thirty-seven of Mao's poems, translated with the assistance of Michael Bullock.

What is Maoism? To Dr. Ch'en it represents a superimposition of Marxism-Leninism on a traditional pattern of peasant revolt in China; it is nationalistic and pragmatic, reflecting Mao's penchant for giving national form to what is "borrowed from abroad" and his impatience with ideas that have no practical value—including the notion that Communist revolutions necessarily depend on the leadership of the proletarian class.

In my opinion, the author is unconvincing in his attempt to show "Mao's penetrating understanding and adroit handling of problems and the brilliance of both his words and actions." But his image of a man moved by a profound patriotic impulse "to build a new, powerful, and prosperous people's republic" comes through impressively. His account of the factors that shaped Mao's early thinking and their impact on the course of China's history illuminates a quite un-Marxist sense of national dedication as the leitmotiv. "There is something peculiarly Chinese about a revolutionary leader, who, at the same time, achieves fame as a poet," he observes—to which might

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"WALTER DEVRIES, *executive assistant to Michigan's George Romney, scolded delegates to the recent convention of the Young Republican National Federation for their 'absurd' complaints about the press, and Carl D. McMurray of Florida State University summarized the entire session by asking what good it does you to be right if you just keep losing elections. He did not ask what good it does you to win them if you are wrong.*"

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be added that this is no less true of Maoism itself.

Will Maoism outlast Mao in China? Though Dr. Ch'en makes no prediction, he leaves little doubt that political precepts so well attuned to the national temper (and, it might be noted, already responsible for a national regeneration with few parallels in history) are bound to endure for some time to come.

August Is a Wicked Month

EDNA O'BRIEN

Simon and Schuster, $3.95

WILLIAM JAMES SMITH

Miss O'Brien is the young Irish-English novelist whose previous novel, *The Lonely Girl,* was adapted so successfully into the motion picture *The Girl with the Green Eyes,* and sight unseen I can understand why the translation to the screen might well have been an easy and natural process. Miss O'Brien belongs to that breed of young novelists who are, in effect, script writers. It is the novelistic elements in her books that are the weakest—whenever the authorial voice intrudes the effect is grating. She pictures the externals of her heroine's sordid adventures vividly but when she dips into her mind the effect is shattered.

The pure heroine, like the brave hero, has no doubt vanished pretty thoroughly from the contemporary novel. Sluts and cowards are the rule of the day and no doubt the novelist can say with good justification, "I am trying to depict real people, and real people are not pure and brave, they are much more apt to be sluts and cowards." The question then arises, do we really much care what happens to them? Why do we read about them? I don't think many people read books for the clarity of their artistic vision. That's something we notice as an afterthought, if at all. Basically, we must have sympathy with the people we are reading about, and it doesn't really matter how wicked and loutish they may be. Even the Ginger Man may be sympathetic if we see into him clearly enough and find there impulses and frustrations with which we can identify at least imaginatively. Even Candy can be funny. We can go along with them, in other words, if they have some intrinsic interest, or if they are seen with enough artistic skill to evoke a concerned response.

Miss O'Brien, on the other hand, lays it on the line: "Here is the woman I'm writing about. Take her or leave her. I'm not prettying her up or making her 'interesting' for the sake of the women's clubs or for sales or for obsolete esthetic theories." Ellen her name is, she holds a minor literary job in London, she is divorced with a son eight years old. When her ex-husband takes the boy off for a vacation she has a brief affair that languishes. Determined at least on some sexual satisfaction, she takes off for the Riviera with the intention of seducing every man she meets. While she is there she learns that her son has been killed in an automobile accident. Since he's already buried she doesn't see any point in rushing home, takes some sun, and finally gets to bed with an American movie star who gives her a venereal infection. She goes home to consider reviving her earlier romance. End.

On the theory that nothing is impossible this could be a good novel. Given a good director and a good actress, say Rita Tushingham to roll her big eyes, and it might very well make a good movie, but only if the director and the actress put in what Miss O'Brien leaves out. Even a sympathetic face would take the chill off Miss O'Brien's skeletal narrative. And we would be spared the author's half-hearted attempts to explain Ellen in terms of a revolt from her Irish peasant background. Ellen is very simply a bitch—and even something worse than—she is a woman without illusions. But it is our illusions that make us human. Only gods and devils are without illusions. We can't care about Ellen's griefs or her desires or her humiliations because she sees them with so hopeless and devitalizing a clarity. The only thing real about her is her morbid prurience, or, rather, it is her only illusion, since sex itself seems to bring her nothing real in the way of satisfaction or fulfillment.

Mlle. Sagan it was, I suppose, who started the current spate of female sex confessions. The male version of the same novelistic fad seems to me to fare much better. The male sex-hero usually has *something* besides his sexual adventures to make him interesting, even if it is only his unfulfilled literary

worship

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ambitions or his larcenous foibles. The Ellens have nothing. They are dreary, dreary people if not something much worse—the sad people who reject spiritual satisfactions only to discover that the physical satisfactions are nothing either.

Wait for the movie. Then you will be able to pretend that behind Rita Tushingham's liquid eyes there is something happier than absolute emptiness.

The Church Tomorrow

GEORGE H. TAVARD

Herder and Herder, $3.95

EUGENE E. RYAN

The Church of the future must have a "new look." The Vatican Council is leading the Church out of a legalistic phase and opening "new avenues to law by steeping the bishops, the priests and all the Church in the word of God who speaks to us in Scripture and through the history which we call the Church's tradition."

This new look will find its source in those "perennial Catholic elements," personal responsibility instead of social conformity, lay leadership (along with the lay priesthood), self-education through the liturgical and Biblical sources of Catholic piety.

Most of us, while looking into the future, have many questions about "concrete forms" in the Church tomorrow: will there still be a Holy Office? what kind of vestments will be used at worship? what will take the place of the Lenten fast? will Franciscans still wear brown robes and sandals? But Father George Tavard says he does not know what these concrete forms will be, and does not make any guesses. Yet in view of what he has said about the new look, he leaves little doubt that these forms will be quite different from what we have become accustomed to.

Thus the author speaks to us, now profoundly, now pedantically, again wittily, of the foibles of the immediate past and of the hopes for the future of the Church.

One wonders why this book was published now. With another title, or by another author, the book might not have raised a problem. But George Tavard is a renowned author and lecturer, a Catholic pioneer in ecumenical work, a *peritus* of Vatican II, and a member of the Secretariat for the Promotion of Christian Unity. When there appears a book by him about the Church of tomorrow, it must be reckoned with. But when the book appears in the Spring of 1965, and was written when the author could not make direct use of the decrees of Vatican II about the Church and ecumenism, the whole things seems a little incongruous. Surely, more than anything else, these decrees will have an impact on the Church of tomorrow. If they do not, tomorrow looks none too bright.

In any case, we all expect the results of the contemporary ecumenical work to loom large in any picture of the Church of the future. Father Tavard alludes to this work again and again, and the last three chapters are concerned specifically with it. Like any great and growing movement involving so many people so intimately, ecumenism has many facets. These are described in turn as a special approach to separated Christians, an attempt to restore the broken unity of Christendom, a basic dimension of Christianity, a program of thought and life by which we strive to bring the ecumenicity of the Church to light.

But through all this, a haunting question recurs to the reader: what can be the attitude of a Roman Catholic toward this effort for unity among Christians? What can we do to assure a meaningful and dynamic dialogue, one that moves and is productive? Can we structure the dialogue beforehand, and then in sincerity claim that it is anything more than a courteous monologue?

According to Gerhard Pedersen, writing in *The Ecumenical Review* (October, 1964), " . . . As long as we try to define unity and reunion in terms of our own tradition, we shall not get any further than to speak to ourselves. Unity cannot be achieved by inserting one tradition into another, but only by overcoming our separated traditions by a new common understanding of the word of God. In other words, unity is a real *mystery*, in the biblical sense of the word."

The Church of the future will be profoundly influenced by what we bring to this total confrontation. If we bring love, patience, understanding, a willingness to listen and even to learn, all this is significant. If we bring nothing more, if we *can* bring nothing more, this is even more significant. Unless this question about our attitude is answered, the Church of the future is hidden to our eyes. Father Tavard considers this question only incidentally, and leaves the answer in doubt.

Finally, ecumenists, I fear, are sometimes in danger of viewing Christian disunity the way our diplomats view the division of Germany. The latter poses difficulties, is embarrassing at times, and merits strong words on occasion. But it is now a constant: we know the situation and have accepted it, we build our plans for the future around it. If ecumenists get a similar

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outlook on Christian unity, the ecumenical movement will have died, and the warnings against optimism will be well founded indeed.

Through Other Eyes

EDIT. HERR & WELLS

Newman, $4.95

ANNE FREMANTLE

Was the papist cleric hanged in Philadelphia in 1777? So they said, for having declaimed in a sermon preached in German against the cause of liberty. But surely, someone must know? The first extract in this lovely plum-pudding of a book is tantalizing. The second extract baldly says that the priests of a Philadelphia chapel are "Irish and consequently fanatics" (the writer was French). The third is a penetrating look by Mrs. Frances Trollope, who stayed nearly four years in the United States. She opined that since equality of rank was "affectedly acknowledged by the rich, and clamorously claimed by the poor," distinction and pre-eminence were only allowed to the clergy, and only from the clergy did the ladies get the kind of attention so dearly valued by every female heart throughout the world.

De Toqueville, with his profound good sense, admired the American separation of Church and State and thought the civil power only hindered religion. The Catholic clergy of America, he said, place the doctrines of revealed religion in one category, political truths in another "which they believe the Deity has left open to free enquiry" (one wonders what he would have thought of the Bishops of Puerto Rico in the recent elections). Some statements are quite absurd: Harold Laski's that "there are many Catholics in the United States who belong to either the Socialist or the Communist party"—no truer in 1948 when it was written, than today! Or Laski's other howler, that the Church's deeply conservative influence arises as the outcome of "its emphasis upon faith, not works"?

But many—most of the contributors—are far more perspicacious. Alexander Mackay's description of the evangelization by the Church of the Mississippi valley is something most history books have overlooked; Henry Sienkiewicz noted nearly a century ago that "no other people are less capable of philosophical reflection than Americans" (Evelyn Waugh later put it differently: "Silence is America's vocation: Americans need it so").

A good explanation for the average American male's conviction that culture is exclusively a feminine perquisite is also given by Sienkiewicz: "the teachers, even of the older boys, are chiefly unmarried women, sensitive, faithful and feeble."

The disparity in the statistics quoted by the various authors is very striking, proving anew that one can prove anything by statistics. Father Clarke, S.J. writes that: "In 1835 the Catholics were 13%, by 1882 they were 35% of the total population. Therefore, if the proportionate increase continues, in fifty years Catholics will be in a majority." But he also cites a possible 90% of defections, especially among the non-English-speaking immigrants. Andre Siegfried says that although there are almost thirty million Catholics (in 1955) "there has been no increase in the proportion of Catholics as compared with the total population." Father Arturo Gaete, S.J. (a very shrewd analyzer) quotes 33 million as the total Catholic population, while Father Illtud Evans quotes 45 million less than six years later. . . .

The social inferiority of Catholics is touched upon by many of the writers, who see in it a cause for apostasy. The anti-intellectualism is explained by the fact that in Europe Catholic communities embody all the strata of society, whereas the American Catholic has one experience only: that of priest and people, which accounts too, for the docility which surprises Latin Americans and Europeans alike.

Padraic Colum cites Catholic children not 30 miles from New York who go to Mass at Easter only, and Grand Dragons of the Ku Klux Klan

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with Irish names. "There are Catholics in society, but no Catholic society" he notes, saying one must be very rich in the US to "get away with being a Catholic." I shall never forget my own surprise when I found on my first visit to the United States that the Church was considered for servants only (it is, of course, and the Pope is the "servant of the servants of God," but that was not what my hostesses meant). In Europe, practicing Catholics in those days were likely to be countesses, not their cooks.

The prize item in this collection is, of course, Evelyn Waugh's splendid *Life* piece. He asserts that the chief problem for Catholics in the United States is to guard the Irish from "the huge presumption of treating the Universal Church as a friendly association of their own, and that problem has not been solved. In New York on St. Patrick's Day . . . the stranger might well suppose that Catholicism was a tribal cult."

The editors make the point that American Catholics are woefully ignorant of the history of the Church in their own land. Surely *every* seminary should have courses in American Catholic Church history—until recently, *none* had. And why, pray once again, in this otherwise informative anthology, is there no footnote to confirm or, deny the rumor of the fate of the papist cleric in Philadelphia in 1777?

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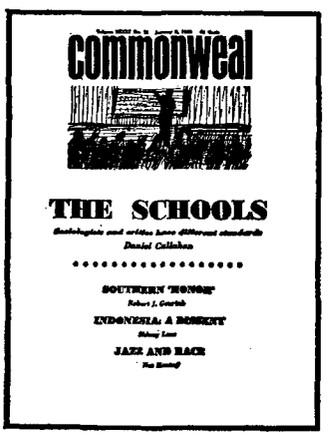

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Everything that Rises Must Converge

FLANNERY O'CONNOR

Farrar, Straus $4.95

JAMES P. DEGNAN

Flannery O'Connor's last book, a collection of stories, is brilliant in the same way that her other work—two novels and a collection of stories—is brilliant. First, its sights and sounds are brilliant. Miss O'Connor believed that you literally had to let a reader "see" a character before you could ask the reader to understand him; and no one is her master when it comes to making us "see," or, for that matter, "hear" characters.

In her stories, characters have faces "blue with acne," drive "mulberry-colored Cadillacs" and "rat-colored Essexes," have "fox-colored eyes," say "joo'ry" for jewelry, "bidnis" for business, "oncet" for once, and have names like "O.E. and O.T. Shiflett and Greenleaf." White trash women have "snuff-stained lips," wear "yellow sweat shirts with wine-colored slacks, both gritty," tie their "dirty yellow hair in little pieces of red paper ribbon," and keep dogs that are "half-hound, half-spitz." And ancient Irish Catholic priests, isolated in the rural South, are "blind in one eye, deaf in one ear."

These brilliant, odd, absolutely original details grow directly from a brilliant, odd, absolutely original vision. It is a vision that clearly sees the tragedy of a world in which people are hopelessly alienated from each other, but a vision which stresses the comedy of such a world. There is, for example,

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in these last stories of Miss O'Connor, a comic character lesser writers would treat as tragic: the alienated intellectual. Typically, in Miss O'Connor's stories, he is young and full of rage at the South in general, and at his parents, particularly his mother, for what he regards as the South's and his parents' stupidities, especially their stupidities regarding racial segregation.

Such a character is Asbury Fox in the story, "The Enduring Chill." Appalled at what he sees as the slavish obedience of the Negro help to his mother's orders on the dairy farm she owns, Asbury, working at the dairy for the summer, explains to the Negroes—Randall and Morgan—the doctrines of brotherhood and civil rights. Explaining to the Negroes that his mother is a terrible tyrant, he forces them to break his mother's rule of not smoking in the dairy barn. Then he tries to force them to break other of his mother's rules, emphasizing that if "they want to be free they have to think free." But the Negroes generally want no part of Asbury or of rule-breaking, and one day Asbury overhears them talking: "How come he talk so ugly about his ma?" Morgan asks. "She ain't whup him enough when he was little," Randall replies.

This is a brilliant comic scene, a scene of perfect human misunderstanding. Reading it, I thought of another scene like it, a scene in "A Temple of the Holy Ghost," from Miss O'Connor's *A Good Man is Hard to Find.* In this scene, two bright Catholic girls attempt to drown out two fundamentalist country boys who attend Bible School and who are singing: "I've found a friend in Jesus . . ." The girls sing *Tantum ergo* and the boys "look fierce and startled." Finally one of them speaks, "That must be Jew singing," he says.

Now maybe as a Southerner and a Catholic, I tend to overvalue the brilliance of scenes like these; but I don't think I do. These scenes and the many others like them in Miss O'Connor's work are as near to perfect comedy as any in American literature; and in being nearly perfect comedy, they are, of course, always close to tragedy. They will live a long time. And I don't think you have to be a Southerner or a Catholc to understand that.

REVIEWERS

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JAMES P. DEGNAN *teaches English at the University of Santa Clara.*

JEAN HOLZHAUER *has written for* The Critic, Today *and other magazines.*

Not for Publication

NADINE GORDIMER

Viking, $4.95

JEAN HOLZHAUER

To the extent that the whole is ever greater than the sum of the parts, Nadine Gordimer is a deceptive writer. Taken one by one these stories, like others previously published by Miss Gordimer, seem to be "mood pieces," fragile and inconclusive, depending for their effect upon a chance situation, a possibly disconnected event, a glancing emotion. Yet their collective impact echoes the heat, the delay and the curiously static unrest of contemporary Africa and, indeed, of the world.

The stories give us European refugees transplanted along with their inevitable clutter of furniture and insulating habits; solitary Jews making their way among natives, black and white and equally uncomprehending; blacks in various conditions of dawning hope; whites in various conditions of false security.

Over each, even the children, hovers brooding change—and if "with, ah, bright wings," the wings also have their dark undersides.

Thus in "Native Country," Anita, the late-born daughter of displaced Europeans, chooses to marry Axelrod and her parents' culture, to count years later her losses in refusing to break the mold. "Son-in-Law" describes a very ordinary man, a Jew married into a non-Jewish family, whose discovery is that his lifetime of harassment will never end. "The African Magician" expresses some of the power, the otherness of the most domesticated black for the white; but "Good Climate, Friendly Inhabitants" reveals a black man's protective sympathy for a white woman against one of her own kind.

The title story builds beautifully to the rebellion of a gifted black boy against the white administrators and teachers whose manner of educating him is, of course, in their own terms. So does Nadine Gordimer delineate the vast ignorance and stupidity of the enlightened.

Miss Gordimer's peculiar ability is to work her materials of local violence or arrestment into universals. Alter a name, substitute a term or two, and her people could be anywhere, at any promontory of the human heart allowing a view of the suffering people cause each other. Obliquely, she periscopes the attritions of habit, of fear and even of circumstance until we see them as they are, bearing down like dreadnaughts on the soul. Hers are not cheerful stories; but surely no reader could argue today that we are a cheerful people in a cheerful world.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 483)

I am sorry to have to point out these things, but it has become obvious in the past year that the American press—and therefore the American public—have followed the United States' Government's pro-Turkish, anti-Makarios bias and have lost sight of the simple issue of self-determination involved, and, alas, of the very facts of the case.

(REV.) RALPH HARPER

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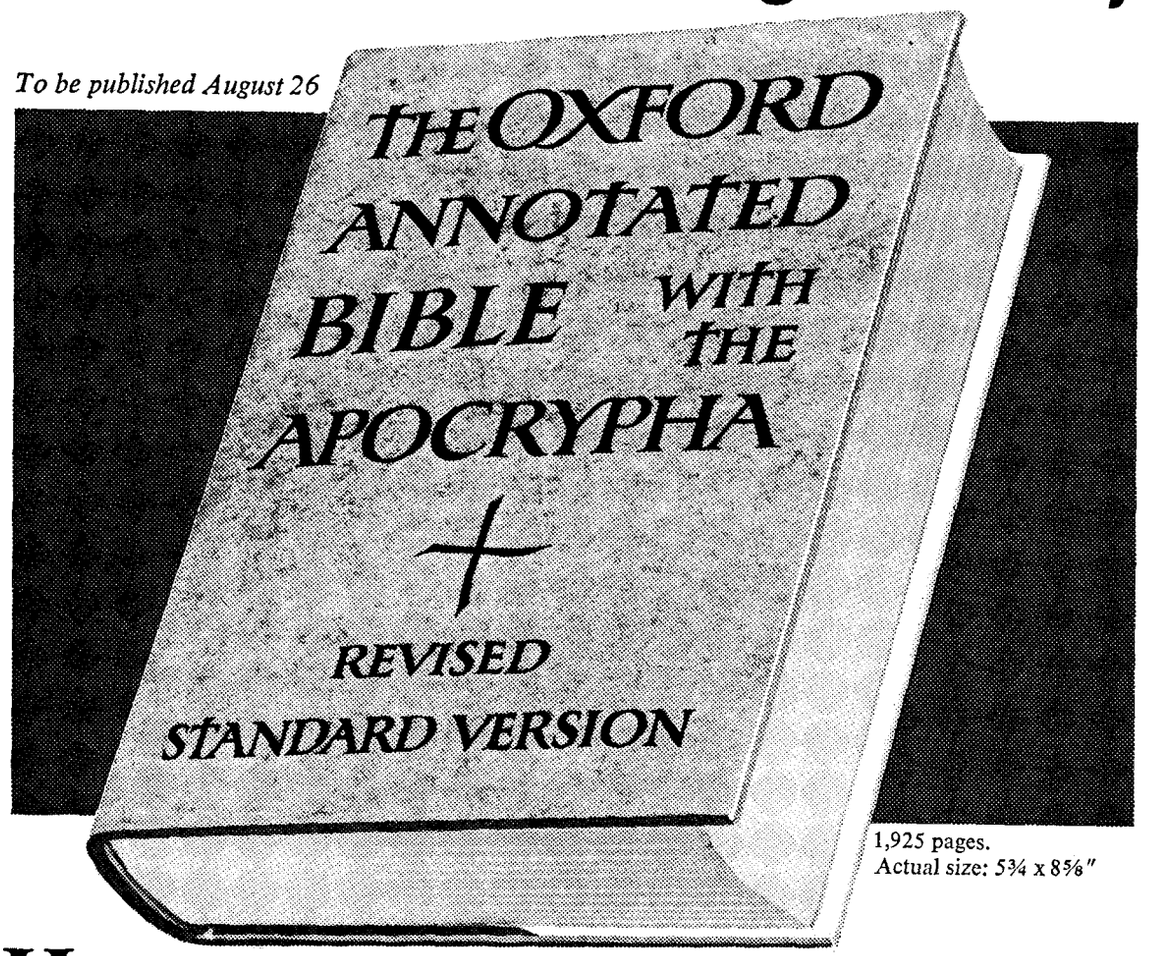

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